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ND GIRLS' READERS

BOLENIUS

SECOND READER

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Mr. Rabbit

Santa Claus

The King

The Old Woman

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Sunny Boy

An Indian

Sly Fox

Indian Baby

Reddy Rooster

The Sick Girl

Mr. Thimblefinger

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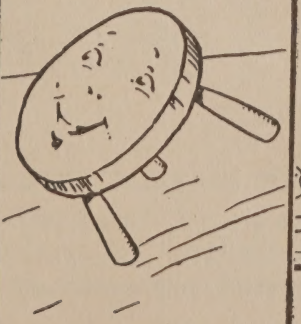
Hiawatha

Grandfather Bear

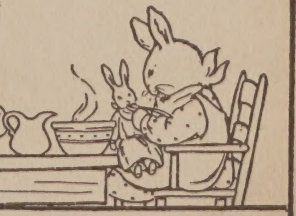
Molly

The Old Man

Peter Rabbit



Little Old Stool



Peter Rabbit's Sister

THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' READERS

SECOND READER

By

EMMA MILLER BOLENIUS

ILLUSTRATED BY

MABEL BETSY HILL

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

BOSTON · NEW YORK · CHICAGO · DALLAS

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Grateful acknowledgment is made to Charles Scribner's Sons for poems by Eugene Field and Robert Louis Stevenson; and to Houghton Mifflin Company and the respective authors for poems by Abbie Farwell Brown, Mary Carolyn Davies, Emma C. Dowd, Frances Gill, Henry W. Longfellow, Frank Dempster Sherman, and Nora Archibald Smith, for stories by Joel Chandler Harris, Fannie E. Coe, and Florence Holbrook, and for stories by Eliza Orne White, Clifton Johnson, and Isa L. Wright, adapted for this reader.

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To the Teacher

THIS series of Primary Readers is prepared for the first, second, and third grades, leading up to the fourth, fifth, and sixth grade Readers by the same editor. These primary grades are recognized as the crucial years in laying the foundation of reading, and establishing proper reading habits. In the preparation of these Primary Readers, the editor has made a careful study of the most authoritative and recent reports, investigations, courses of study, surveys, and other publications bearing on the problem of reading. Moreover, every lesson has been subjected to the critical examination of successful primary teachers.

Special features of the Readers are:

1. **The careful organization of the contents** (see pages v to ix) is planned to give a series of well-balanced lessons in each of the eight groups of selections.

2. **The richness of authorship, variety of appeal, and freshness of material** are noteworthy. Many of the selections have never been used before in school readers.

3. **A Teachers' Manual,** an unusually full and helpful guide for teachers, presents carefully planned suggestions for all the selections. This full study equipment creates centers of interest, teaches the children to think, and leads them to read from their own initiative. It provides introductory thought-provoking questions that motivate the reading; both thought and organization questions for selections; also word lists; diagnostic tests; and suggestions that correlate various activities with reading. This equipment was prepared with both city and rural communities in mind. Teachers can, therefore, select material to suit their needs. The Manual presents methods and devices in detail so that inexperienced teachers can get definite results. It gives a practical pedagogy of reading, and at the same time aims to give inspiration to the teacher.

4. **Special drill material for silent reading** is furnished to cover a range of abilities, and each type of drill is given often enough to make a real impression. The drill material hinges on the content of the book, and progression in drill material is provided between books as well as between parts of books.

5. Following the plan of the first year, the editor has made careful **provision for extensive supplementary reading** with each of the eight groups of selections in the Second Reader in order to provide a well-rounded course in reading; to establish the habits developed in the basal reading; and to coördinate the supplementary reading with the

basal work, checking up the power gained in the extensive reading by means of diagnostic tests provided in the basal course.

6. **The working out of interesting projects** — the arranging of programs, the dramatizations, and seat work — furnish live motives for the child's best effort. The Manual gives full programs, in which material previously read is brought together in a way that arouses the child's interest and leads to motivated review.

7. **Vocabulary work and the teaching of phonetics** are carefully planned for and guided.

8. **Every available typographical device** has been used to aid the child. Toward the end of the Second Reader a successful transition has been made from second to third reader type and style of phrasing. Special effort has been made to meet fully the latest requirements in eye hygiene; for example, the narrower type page at the end of the Second Reader and throughout the Third Reader has been used to establish proper eye movements.

9. The artist and the editor have coöperated in planning **illustrations that have an unusual educational value.** Questions on the illustrations are used to develop the power of observation.

10. **Speed, comprehension, and vocabulary tests** for diagnostic purposes, adapted to classroom use, are adequately provided and made the basis of effective drills, carefully planned to correct any defects or weaknesses revealed by the tests.

11. In accordance with the plan of the diagnostic tests for the first year, **printed diagnostic tests in silent reading** are furnished for the second and third years.

These Readers are designed for basal use. They provide for all forms of training in reading, including silent and oral reading, reference and sight reading, as well as intensive and interpretative reading. Moreover, the training in correct habits of study affects all of the pupil's school work as well as his later mental development. The keynote of the course is, READING IS THINKING.

The editor wishes especially to thank the superintendents and teachers who gave largely of their time and effort in the making of this book. Their assistance in going over the manuscript and trying out material with pupils in various types of schools has been invaluable in adapting the work to actual schoolroom conditions and requirements.

Girls and Boys

What you find in the next four pages is the key that unlocks this book.

Try it.

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Sunny Boy

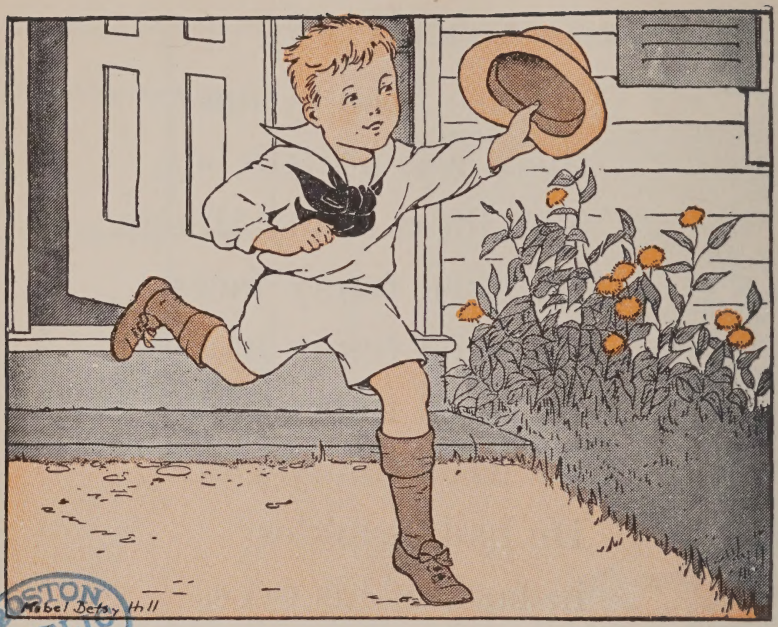
1. SUNNY BOY

Once upon a time
there was a little boy,
who liked funny things.
He liked funny faces.
He liked funny names.
He liked funny noises.
He liked funny games.
He had twinkles
in both of his eyes,
and the corners
of his mouth turned up.

One day he said to his mother
"Please tell me a funny story."

Little Sunny Boy's mother
told him the funniest story.
Sunny Boy laughed and laughed

"Please tell it again,"
begged Sunny Boy.



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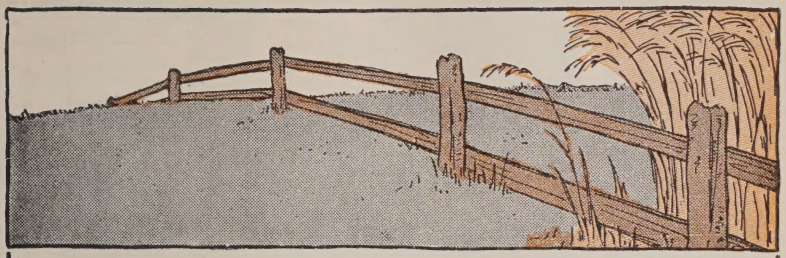
Then his mother said,
"Run outdoors, little Sunny Boy,
and play."

So little Sunny Boy
took his little brown hat,
and away he ran outdoors,
to find something more
to laugh about.



The wheat-stalk

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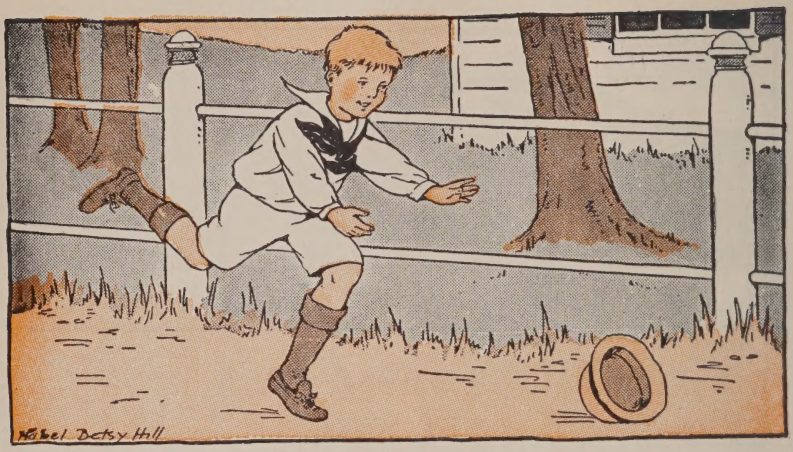
2. THE WHEAT-STALK THE WIND AND THE BUMBLE-BEE

"I know how to make him laugh," said a tall wheat-stalk.
"He brought water to me yesterday, when it was very hot in the sun, so I will tickle him to-day."

The tall wheat-stalk bent down, and tickled Sunny Boy on the neck.

Sunny Boy laughed and laughed at the tall wheat-stalk.

"Do it some more!" he cried.



"I know how to make him laugh,"
whispered the wind, all to himself.
"Little Sunny Boy plays with me.
We run races together every day."

Quick as a wink, the old wind
blew Sunny Boy's hat off his head.
He blew it across the yard
and lickety clip down the street.

Sunny Boy raced after it, and caught it.
He laughed and laughed.

"Do it some more!" he cried.

"I know how to make him laugh,"
said the bumble-bee.
"He lets me come into his garden.
He lets me eat honey from the flowers.
I will make him laugh, too."

So the bumble-bee
flew to Sunny Boy's head.
"Buzz!" said the bumble-bee,
right in Sunny Boy's ear.
Then he flew to the other ear,
and said, "Buzz-z-z!"

Sunny Boy turned first one way,
and then he turned the other.
"I know you, Mr. Bumble-bee!"
he cried, quick as a wink.
"Do it some more!"

And he laughed and he laughed

3. PUPPY DOG AND MRS. MOTHER BIRD

Sunny Boy had laughed and laughed.
The wheat-stalk had tickled his neck.
The wind had blown his hat away.
The bumble-bee had buzzed in his ears.

Just then Puppy Dog came tumbling around the corner of the house.
He heard all the fun.

"I know how to make him laugh!" cried Puppy Dog.

Quick as a wink, Puppy Dog jumped up to where Sunny Boy was sitting.

"Bow-wow!" he barked,
"I can make you laugh."

He gave him a wee bite on one ear, then, a wee bite on the other.
He pulled and he pulled at him.
Over and over they rolled on the grass.

Sunny Boy laughed and laughed.
"Do it some more!" he cried.

They made such funny noises
that little Sunny Boy's mother
came to the window and looked out.

"Tweet!" sang Mrs. Mother Bird,
as she flew by the window.
"What is all the fun about?"

"Just making Sunny Boy laugh,"
said the tall wheat-stalk.

"Well! well!" said Mrs. Bird.
"He is the boy who puts bread crumbs
out in the yard for me every day.
I know what will make him laugh!"
And "Tweet! Tweet!" she called.

"I know you, Mrs. Mother Bird,"
cried Sunny Boy.
"You have a nest in the front yard
with eggs in it."

"Twee! twee! Come with me!"
sang Mrs. Mother Bird.

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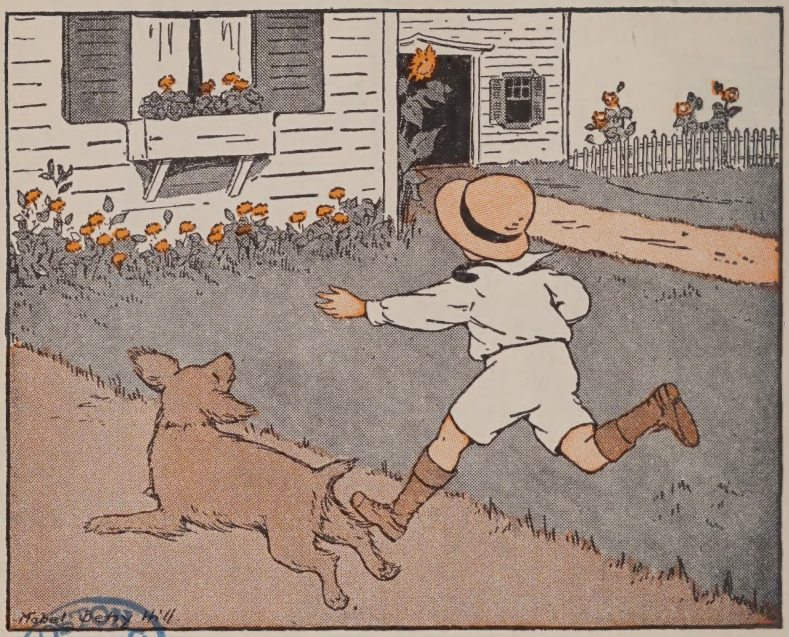
Sunny Boy ran after her,
and what do you think he saw?

Four little baby birds,
with their mouths stretched open!

"Ho! ho! ho!" cried Sunny Boy.
"You funny little baby birds!
Your mouths are as big as your heads!"

Quick as a wink, the baby birds
stretched their mouths wide open.

"Do it some more!" he cried.
Sunny Boy laughed and laughed.



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4. THE RAISIN BOWL AND THE WASH-CLOTH

Sunny Boy's mother looked out. She called Sunny Boy to come in.

"There is something in the house that wants to make you laugh, too," she said.

Sunny Boy raced into the house.

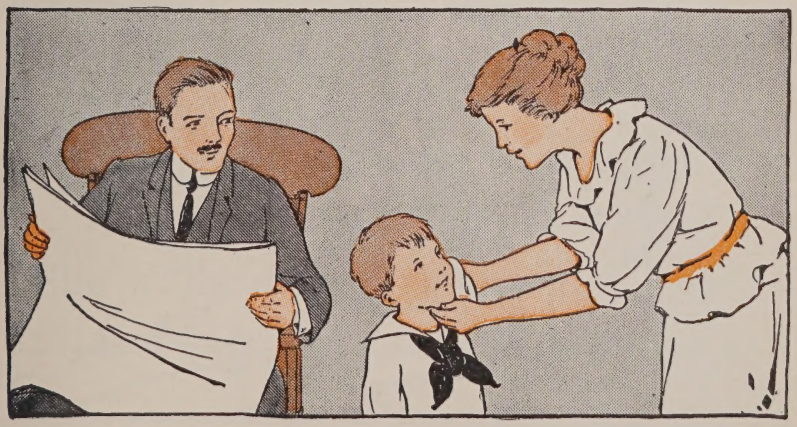
On the table was his supper.

What do you think it was?

A big bowl of bread and milk.
It had two big brown raisins for eyes,
and big raisins for nose and mouth.

When Father came in for supper,
Sunny Boy was laughing and laughing.

Even the wash-cloth
made Sunny Boy laugh and laugh,
when Mother washed Sunny Boy's face.
It tried its best to tickle Sunny Boy.



"A wash-cloth is a funny thing,"
said Sunny Boy, after supper.
"It always plays the tickles with you
I like a wash-cloth."

"So do I," said Mother.

As he got into bed,
his mother whispered,
"Good-night, Sunny Boy,
and funny dreams!"

By Isa L. Wright

THE COW

[1]The friendly cow all red and white,
I love with all my heart.
She gives me cream with all her might
To eat with apple-tart.

[2]She wanders lowing here and there,
And yet she cannot stray,
All in the pleasant open air,
The pleasant light of day.

[3]And blown by all the winds that pass
And wet with all the showers,
She walks among the meadow grass
And eats the meadow flowers.

By Robert Louis Stevenson

DOING THREE THINGS

"*One* for the money,
Two for the show,
Three to make ready,
And *four* to go!"

Lay your hand on the next page.
Shut your book with your hand in it.
Your teacher will say a number.
Then open the book quickly.
Find the number. Read what it says.
Be ready to do the three things.

1. Rise. Walk ten steps. Run back.
2. Stand up. Hold your hands up.
   Shut your eyes.

3. Go to the board. Take chalk.
   Lay it down again.

4. Walk to the window. Tap on it.
   Skip back to your seat.

5. Get a book from a desk.
   Open the book at page 20.
   Hold up the open book.

6. Take your pencil in your left hand.
   Change it to your right hand.
   Lay it on the desk.

7. Take your pencil in your left hand.
   Shake it. Lay it down.

8. Find the word *seat* on the board.
   Rub out the first letter.
   Tell what word is left.

9. Find the word *seat* on the board.
   Rub out the last letter
   Tell what word is left.

THE DEEP HOLE

[1]I am digging, digging, digging,
just as fast as I can.
I am digging
in the sand by the sea.
For I think that down below,
Where the palms and lions grow,
A little boy is digging up to me.

[2]He is digging, digging, digging,
just as fast as he can.
He is digging
in the desert, hot and dry.
I can almost hear the sound
Of his shovel in the ground.
Soon we shall be talking, he and I.

[3]I am digging, digging, digging,
and the sun is nearly set.
I am digging,
but the bell has rung for tea.
Oh, suppose while I 'm away,
The waves came up to play.
They often do,—
how dreadful it would be!

[4]I am digging, digging, digging,
and I 'm nearly starved to death.
But I must fill the hole,
before I go!
For the waves are creeping near,
And I have an awful fear,
That they will drown
the little boy below!

By Abbie Farwell Brown

THE FOX AND THE STORK

One day Mr. Fox invited Mrs. Stork to come and have supper with him. He placed a low dish on the table.

Mrs. Stork could not eat the food, because she had a long bill. Mr. Fox, on the other hand, lapped up the food with his tongue.

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The next day Mrs. Stork asked Mr. Fox to have dinner with her. She put a tall jar on the table.

Mr. Fox could not eat from the jar, because he did not have a long bill. Mrs. Stork, on the other hand, easily fed from the tall jar.

This was Tit for Tat.

FOX. I have invited Mrs. Stork
to have supper with me.
I will do the funniest thing.
Look! I will put the food
into this low, wide dish.

He puts the food into a low, wide dish.
Just then he hears a knock at the door.
He skips over and opens the door.
He shakes hands with Mrs. Stork.

STORK. I am nearly starved to death!
I am happy to come for supper.

FOX. Here is supper all ready for us.
Let us eat it together.

Mr. Fox and Mrs. Stork walk to the table.
They sit down.

FOX. My, my! This food is good!

STORK. Pshaw! I can't get any of it
in my bill.

AT MRS. STORK'S HOUSE

STORK. I have asked Mr. Fox to dinner.
I will teach him something
I will put food into this jar.
I will put the jar on the floor.

She puts the food into a tall, deep jar.
She hears a knock and opens the door.

STORK. Come, Mr. Fox. Dinner is ready.

FOX. I'm nearly starved to death!

They go to the jar and try to eat.

STORK. Well, well! This dinner is good.

FOX. Pshaw! I can not reach the food.
I have not a long bill like you.
Why did you use a jar like this?

STORK. Tit for tat, Mr. Fox.

Mr. Fox sits in the corner and pouts.
Mrs. Stork brings out a low, wide dish of grapes.

STORK. Come. Here is some real food.

FOX. I will never fool you again.

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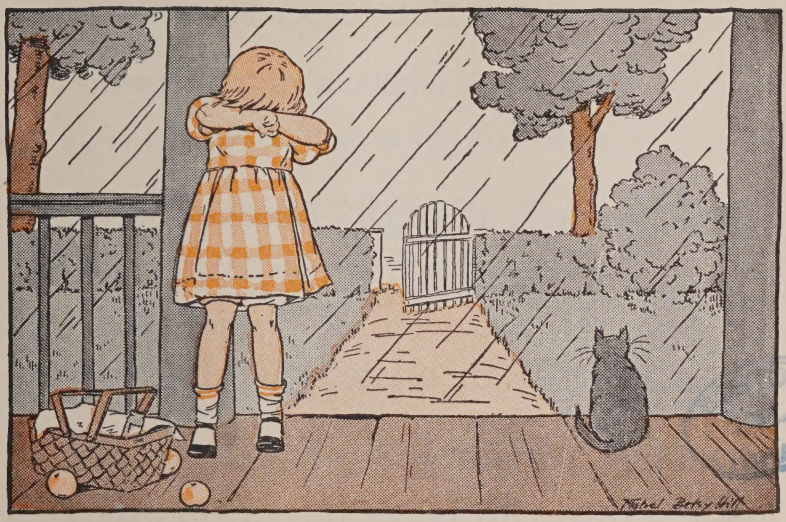
SMILES AND TEARS

[1]I smile, and then the Sun comes out.
He hides away whene'er I pout.
He seems a very funny sun
To do whatever he sees done.



[2]And when it rains he disappears.
Like me, he can't see through the tears.
Now isn't that the reason why
I ought to smile and never cry?

[3]In more than this is he like me.
For every evening after tea
He closes up his eyelids tight,
And opens them at morning's light.

By Frank Dempster Sherman

THE REASON WHY

Find which numbers go together
to tell the reason why.

1. It is dark at night because —
2. It did not rain because —
3. A boy fell into the creek because —
4. The girl bumped
   into the lamp post because —
5. The horse ran away because —

---

6. — the sun has gone down.
7. — he leaned too far over the bank.
8. — she did not look
   where she was going.
9. — it was frightened by a noise.
10. — the wind blew the clouds away.

THE FARMER AND THE STORK

Once a farmer set a net
to catch some bad birds
that were eating his wheat.

He caught these bad birds,
and with them found a stork.

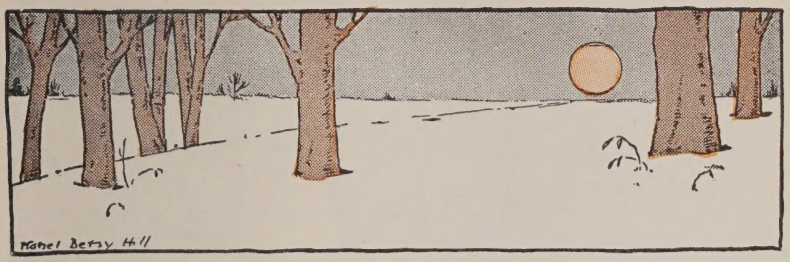
The stork was lame.
It begged the farmer
to let it fly away.
It said it was a good bird,
and of a different color
from the bad birds
that were eating the wheat.

The farmer said
that if it was caught with bad birds,
it must be a bad bird, too.
So he would not let it fly away.
When he killed the other birds,
he killed it, too.

HOW FIRE WAS BROUGHT TO THE INDIANS

This story tells how cold it was before the Indians had fire.

Find out what made it cold.



1. THE FROST SPIRIT

Oh! It was cold!

The wind blew the leaves about on the ground.

Frost Spirit hid on the north side of every tree, and bit the animals that came near.

Then the snow fell,
till the ground was white.
Through the snow-flakes
one could see the sun.
But the sun looked cold.
It was not a clear, bright yellow.
It was almost as white as the moon.

The Indians pulled their blankets more and more tightly around them, for they had no fire.

"How can we get fire?" they asked. But no one answered.

All the fire on earth was in the wigwam of two old women, and the old women did not like Indians.

"They shall not have the fire," said the two old women.

They watched day and night, so that no one could get fire.

A fire-brand

2. THE FIRE-BRAND

At last a young Indian said,
"Let us ask the animals to help us,
for no man can get fire."

"What beast or bird can get fire,
when the old women are watching it?"
an old Indian cried.

"The bear might get it,"
said a young Indian.

"No, he cannot run swiftly,"
answered an old Indian.

"The deer can run," said one.

"His antlers would not go
through the door of the wigwam,"
answered another.

"A raven can go through the door."

"Don't you know that it was smoke that made the raven's feathers black? Now he always keeps away from fire," answered an old Indian.

"The serpent has not been in smoke,"
said one.

"No, but he is not our friend.
He will not do anything for us,"
answered another.

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"Then I will ask the wolf,"
said the young man.
"He can run, for he has no antlers,
He has not been in the smoke, either."

So the young man went to the wolf,
and called,

"Friend Wolf, Friend Wolf!
If you will get us a fire-brand,
we will give you some food every day."

"I will get it," said the wolf.
"Go to the home of the two old women,
and hide yourself behind a tree.
When you hear me cough three times
give a loud cry."

Near the village of the Indians
was a pond in which lived a frog.
Near the pond there also lived
a squirrel, a bat, a bear, and a deer.

The wolf cried,

"Frog, hide in rushes by the pond.

"Squirrel, go to the bush by the path,
that runs from the pond to the wigwam
of the two old women.

"Bat, go into a tree and sleep,
but do not shut both eyes.

"Bear, do not go away
from behind this great rock,
until you are told.

"Deer, keep still, where you are,
until something happens."

Then the wolf went to the wigwam of the two old women, and coughed at the door.

The old women said,

"Wolf, you may come in to the fire."

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The wolf got into the wigwam.
Then the wolf coughed three times,
and the Indian gave a great cry.

The two old women ran out quickly,
to see what had happened.
But the wolf had run away
with a fire-brand from the fire.

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3. HOW THE SQUIRREL GOT A CURLY TAIL

The two old women saw
that the wolf had the fire-brand.
They were very cross indeed.
They ran after the wolf.

"Catch it and run!" cried the wolf.
He threw it to the deer.
The deer caught it and ran.

"Catch it and run!" cried the deer.
He threw it to the bear.
The bear caught it and ran.

"Catch it and fly!" cried the bear.
He threw it to the bat.
The bat caught it and flew.

"Catch it and run!" cried the bat
He threw it to the squirrel.
The squirrel caught it and ran.

"Oh, Serpent, Serpent!"
called the two old women.
"You are no friend to the Indian.
Get the fire-brand from the squirrel.
Help us."

The squirrel ran swiftly
over the ground with the fire.
The serpent sprang up
and tried to take the fire-brand.
But the serpent could not get it.

While the squirrel was running,
the smoke made him cough.
But he would not let go
of the fire-brand, so he ran,
until he could throw it to the frog.

While the frog was running with it,
the squirrel for the first time
thought about himself.

Just think! He found
that his beautiful bushy tail
was no longer straight.
The fire had curled it up
over his back.

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"Do not be sorry about your tail,"
called the young Indian across the pond.
"When an Indian boy sees a squirrel
with his tail curled over his back,
he will throw him a nut."

All this time the frog
was carrying the fire-brand to the pond
just as fast as he could go.

The old women were chasing him.
When the frog came to the water,
one of them caught him by the tail.

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"I have caught him!" she called.
"Do not let him go!" cried the other
"No, I will not," said the first.

But she did let him go,
for the little frog pulled himself away.
He jumped into the water.

His tail was still
in the old woman's hand,
but the fire-brand was safe.
He swam swiftly across the pond.

"Here is the fire-brand," he called.

"Where?" asked the young Indian.

Then the frog coughed,
and out of his mouth it came.

The fire-brand was very small,
for it had been burning all this time.
But it set fire to the leaves and wood,
and soon the Indians were warm again.

They sang, and they danced.

At first the frog was sad,
because he was sorry to lose his tail.
But before long he was as happy
as the people who were dancing.
For the young Indian had said,

"Little Frog, little Frog!
You have been a good friend to us.
As long as we live,
we will never throw a stone at a frog
that has no tail."

An Indian tale by FLORENCE HOLBROOK

PUBLIC LIBRARY

They sang, and they danced.

ONE LITTLE FIRE CRACKER

Here are ten things that burned up.
The first thing was very little.
The last thing was very, very big.
How did the fire grow
from a little thing to a big thing?
Tell the ten things that happened.

ONE little fire cracker,
eager for a lark.

TWO little shavings,
ready for a spark.

THREE little papers,
in a pretty little blaze.

FOUR little flames,
going all sorts of ways.

FIVE little dry sticks,
just in trim to burn.

SIX old timbers,
waiting for their turn.

SEVEN great stories,
full of fire and fright.

EIGHT burning buildings,
such a sorry sight!

NINE big blocks,
up in flames they leap!

TEN million dollars,
in a blackened heap!

By EMMA C. DOWD

1. Have you ever seen a house on fire?
What set it on fire?
What did the firemen do at the fire?

2. Where is the nearest fire-alarm box?

3. Tell how a fire often starts.

4. Draw a picture of a bon-fire,
or of a house on fire.

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THE BUNDLE OF STICKS

[1] A man had seven sons,
who would fight among themselves.
The father did not like them to fight,
for then their enemies were glad.

[2] He wanted to show them
that it was better to be good friends,
and stick together, side by side.
He wanted to show them
that each son by himself was weak.

[3] So he took seven sticks.
He put them together in a bundle.
He asked each son to break the bundle.
Each son tried, but he could not.

[4] Then he handed a stick to each son.
He told each son to break it.
Each son broke the single stick easily.

[5] Then the father said,
"Stick together, and you are safe."

[1]SAY. My sons are fighting again!
This will never do!
Their enemies are glad.

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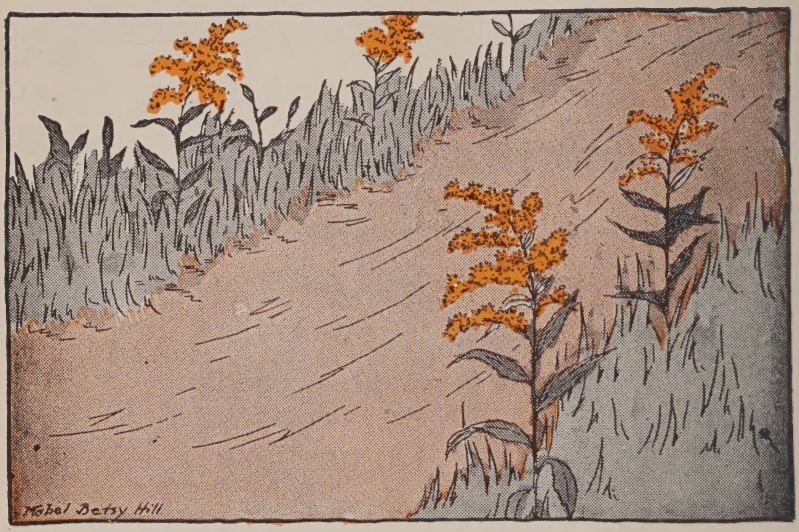
[2]DO. The father looks at his sons.
He shakes his head sadly.
Then he picks up seven sticks.
He fastens them into a bundle.

[3]SAY. My sons! Come here!
Let each try to break this bundle

[4]DO. He hands the bundle to each son.
He is glad when no son can break it.

[5]SAY. Now, when you stick together,
you are like the bundle of sticks.
No enemy can hurt you.
But when you are cross and fight,
you are like single sticks.
Watch what happens!

[6]DO. He hands a single stick to each son.
He nods, as each son breaks the stick.



GOLDEN-ROD

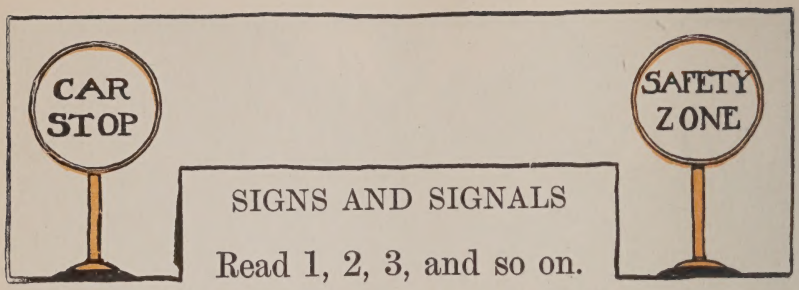
[1] Spring is the morning of the year,
And summer is the noontide bright.
The autumn is the evening clear,
That comes before the winter's night.

[2] And in the evening everywhere,
Along the roadside, up and down,
I see the golden torches flare,
Like lighted street-lamps in the town.

[3]I think the butterfly and bee,
From distant meadows coming back,
Are quite contented when they see
These lamps
along the homeward track.

[4]But those who stay too late get lost.
For when the darkness falls about,
Down every lighted street the Frost
Will go and put the torches out!

By Frank Dempster Sherman



SIGNS AND SIGNALS

Read 1, 2, 3, and so on.
Then read to yourself carefully
what is asked about each one.
Be ready with answers.

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1. *Stop! Look! Listen!*

Where do you find this sign?
When might it save a life?
Why are the words in this order?

2. *Keep to the right.*

Who must obey this sign?
Where have you seen it?

3. *Do not park here.*

What does this sign mean?
Tell a good place for this sign.

4. *Danger! Keep out!*

Where have you seen this sign?
Why should you obey it?

5. *No trespassing.*

What does this sign mean?
Where have you seen it?
Why should you obey it?

6. *Post no bills.*

What does this sign mean?
Where have you seen it?

7. *No admittance.*

Where have you seen this sign?
Why do people put it up?

8. *Keep off the grass.*

Where do you find this sign?
Why should you obey it?

WIGGLE TAD 2

Once upon a time 6
there was a little baby. 11
His name was Wiggle Tad. 16
He lived in a pond 21
with his father and mother. 26
He had two bright eyes. 31
He had no hands and feet, 37
but he had a long tail. 43
Whenever he swam about, 47
he wiggled his tail hard. 52
That is why he was called 58
Wiggle Tad. 60
His father and mother were frogs. 66
They did not have tails, 71
but they had four fine legs. 77
They had great fun 81
jumping on the sand bank. 86

Wiggle Tad wanted legs, too, 91
so that he could jump around. 97
He asked his mother 101
what to do to get legs. 107
His mother told him 111
the best way to get legs 117
was through working hard, 121
and helping her around the house. 127
Then some day for sure 132
he would get the legs he wanted. 139
Wiggle Tad swam to mud holes, 145
to catch worms for supper. 150
Every day he would bring home 156
some fine fat bugs, too. 161
He played with other baby tadpoles. 167
They played hide-and-seek games 171
up and down in the mud hole. 178
Wiggle Tad swam and swam, 187
day after day, helping mother. 188

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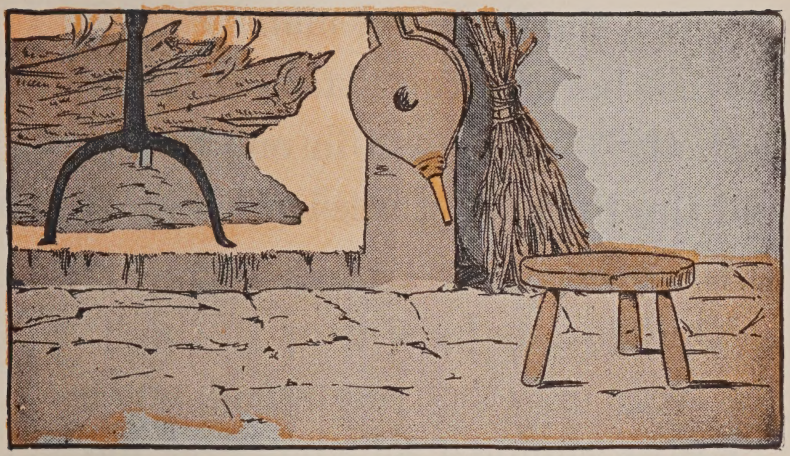
One day he was so tired 194
that he wanted to dig 199
deep into the mud of the pond 206
and take a long sleep. 211
But— 212
what do you think happened? 217
Suddenly he found two front legs 223
sticking out where front legs grow. 229
And pop! 231
Off dropped his brown tail, 236
and in its place there grew 242
two fine back legs. 246
My! but Wiggle Tad was happy! 252
He jumped hippety hop 256
right on to the sand bank. 262
He was no longer a tadpole. 268
He was a little boy frog. 274
His mother named him 278
Tommy Tad. 280



THE THREE-LEGGED STOOL

1. THE LITTLE OLD STOOL

[1]Once there was a little old man.
He lived in a little old house
with his little old wife.
They had
a little old three-legged stool.
[2]Every morning the little old man
carried the three-legged stool
to the barn and sat down on it.
He milked the little old cow.

[3]Then the little old man
hurried back to the little old house,
with the milking-pail in one hand,
and the little old three-legged stool
in the other.

[4]One day, as he started to the barn,
the little old stool jumped up and said

"Why should I let you carry me
to the barn every day?
I can carry myself."

"What's that?"
said the little old man.

Before he finished talking,
the little old stool ran off to the barn,
and sat down by the little old cow.

[5]"Now that is very kind of you,"
said the little old man.

"Not at all! Not at all!"
answered the little old stool.

"I have n't had so much fun
for a long time."

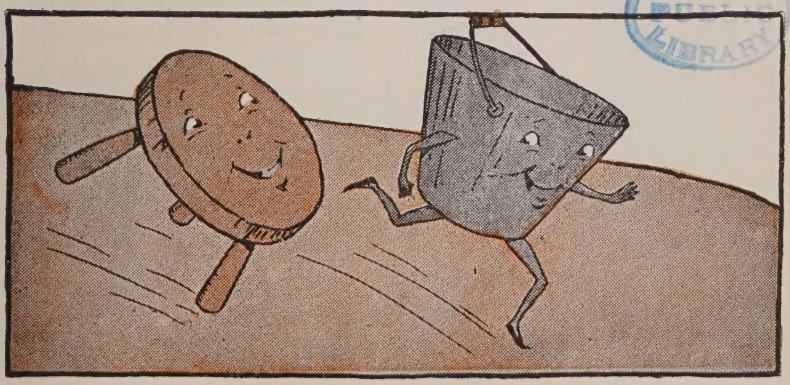
So the little old man sat down,
and milked the little old cow.

[6]One cold morning
the stool said to the milking-pail,

"Why should the little old man
carry you to the barn?
Why not carry yourself?"

"A fine idea!" said the milking-pail.

So off danced the milking-pail
with the little old stool.



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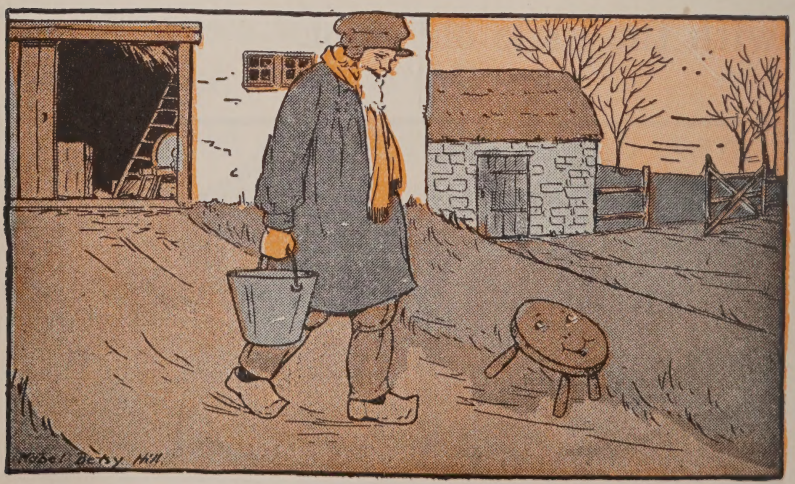
[7]The milking-pail sat down
under the little old cow.
"Now that is very kind of you,"
said the little old man.
"Not at all! Not at all!"
laughed the milking-pail.
"I haven't had so much fun
for a long time."

[8]So the little old man
milked the little old cow,
and carried in the milk.



2. THE LITTLE OLD STOOL HELPS AGAIN

[1]One cold morning
the little old stool got to thinking,
as she and the milking-pail
waited by the little old cow.

"Little old Cow!" said the stool,
"why make the old man milk you?
He works hard all day long.
Why not let down milk yourself?"

"A fine idea!" said the cow.

[2]When the little old man
reached the barn that day,
there was the pail full of milk.

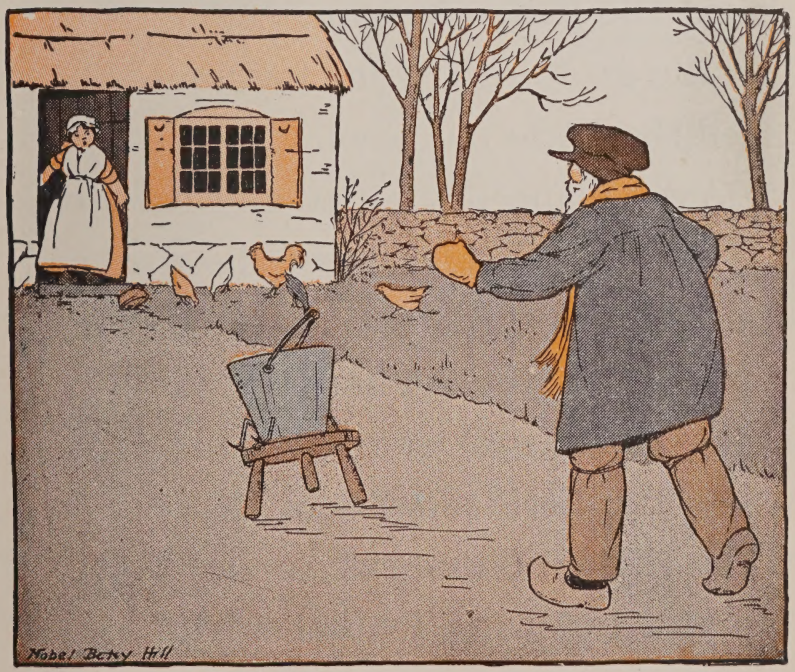
"Now that is very kind of you,"
said the little old man.

"Not at all! Not at all!"
answered the cow, switching her tail.
"I have n't had so much fun
for a long time."

[3]The little old man
reached for the milking-pail,
to carry it into the house.
"Stop!" called the little old stool.

"Why should the milking-pail and I
let you carry the milk?
We can carry it between us,
and not spill a drop."

[4]The milking-pail jumped
on top of the stool.
Soon they were in the house,
and not a drop spilled.



3. THE STOOL FINDS A PAIR OF ARMS

[1]On another cold morning
the stool said to the pail,
"Why should we sit here all day
while the little old man works so hard?
Let us help him!"
"A fine idea!" said the milking-pail
[2]"What 's that?"
asked the little old man.
"We go to seek your fortune!"
cried the little old stool.
[3]Away danced the pail and the stool
out of the door and down the road.
By the roadside sat a strong man
"Why do you sit here
doing nothing?"
asked the little old stool.
"The little old man works hard.
He gets but little for his work."

"If that be so,"
said the strong man,
"just take me to him!
I will gladly work hard,
for food and a good bed."

[4]So off they ran, with the man,
back to the little old house.
"We bring part of your fortune!"
they told the little old man.
"A pair of arms to work for you!"
[5]"Now that is very kind of you,"
said the little old man."
"Not at all! Not at all!"
answered the strong man.
"I have n't had so much fun
for a long time."
[6]The three-legged stool
and the milking-pail
laughed till they creaked,
they were so happy!

4. WHAT THE LITTLE OLD STOOL GOT

[1]The little old man hurried in,
and told his little old wife
all about the good fortune.

[2]"We must do something for them,"
said the little old wife.

"You give the little old cow apples,
and I will shine up the milking-pail,
and cover the little stool with carpet."

[3]"We have few apples for winter,"
said the little old man.

"That matters not,"
said the little old wife.
"We can do without."

[4]So the little old cow ate the apples.
The milking-pail shone from top to toe.
The little old three-legged stool
was covered with carpet.

[5]Why should we sit here?"
asked the stool on another cold day.
"The little old man and the other man
work hard day after day.
They are getting more for their work,
but yet not half enough.
Let us help him once more."

"A fine idea!" said the milking-pail.

6 "What 's that?"
said the little old man.

"We go again to seek your fortune,"
called the little old stool.

7 It ran out the front door
and lickety clip down the road,
with the milking-pail after it.

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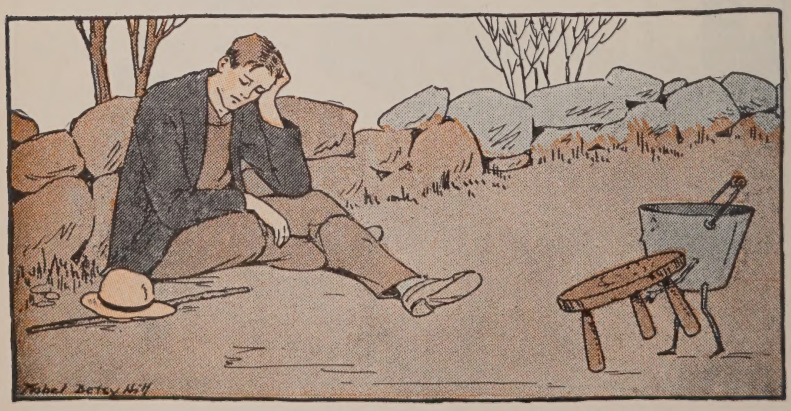
5. THE STOOL PLAYS HELPER AGAIN

[1]The little old three-legged stool
and the milking-pail
ran on, hand in hand, down the road.
After a while, they saw another man.
He was sitting by the roadside.
He looked tired and hungry.

[2]The milking-pail and the stool
stopped to talk with him.

"Why do you sit here by the road?"
asked the milking-pail
and the little old stool.



"I am tired and hungry,"
answered the stranger.
"Nobody will give me food."

[3]"Go to the little old man's house,"
said the little old stool.
"He has very little to give,
but we know he will share with you."

So back again they hurried
to the little old man's house.

[4]The little old stool
and the milking-pail cried,

"This time we bring you
no good fortune,
but only one who is tired and hungry,
and needs your help."

"Indeed, I am glad to see you,"
said the little old man.

[5]"This is very kind indeed,"
answered the stranger.

"Not at all! Not at all!"
said the little old man.
"We haven't had so much fun
for a long time."

[6]So the little old man
and his little old wife
brought the best from the cupboard.

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They set it on the table
for the stranger to eat.
When night came, they gave him
a good bed to sleep in.

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6. WHAT THE GOOD FORTUNE WAS

[1]When morning came at last,
the little old wife got breakfast.
She put it on a little old tray.
She put the tray on the little stool.

[2]*Tap! Tap! Tap!*
went the little old stool up the stairs,
and into the stranger's room.

Tap! Tap! Tap!
went the little old man
and his little old wife
up the stairs after it.

[3]Then, what do you think they saw?
Not the poor tired stranger at all!
There upon the bed was a King.
He had a crown upon his head,
and he was well and strong.

[4]The King said to the little old man
and his little old wife,

"I was hungry and you took me in.
You fed me with the best you had.
A King does not forget.
Tell me what I can do for you,
who did so much for me."

[5]The little old man shook his head,
and the little old wife shook her head.
"We have done nothing,"
they said together.
"It was the little old stool
that did it all."

By Isa L. Wright

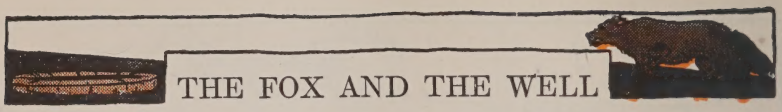
THE SNOWBIRD

[1]When all the ground
with snow is white,
The merry snowbird comes,
And hops about with great delight,
To find the scattered crumbs.

[2]How glad he seems to get to eat
A piece of cake or bread!
He wears no shoes upon his feet,
Nor hat upon his head.

[3]But happiest is he, I know,
Because no cage with bars
Keeps him from walking on the snow,
And printing it with stars.

By Frank Dempster Sherman



THE FOX AND THE WELL

One day a fox fell into a well.
He was not hurt at all,
but he could not get out of the well.

A wolf happened to pass by.
He heard the fox crying in the well.

"Who is there?" called the wolf.

"It is I, Friend Wolf," said the fox.
"Help me out, please, Friend Wolf."

But the wolf said,
"Poor Friend Fox, how did you fall in?
Is it dark down there?
How sorry I am for you!
Does it feel cold?"

Then the fox cried out,
"Help me out first, O Wolf,
and be sorry for me afterwards.
This is not the time to talk."

[1] Fox. I will run through this field,
Oh, dear! What's this!
I am falling down!
Help! Help! Help!

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[2] The fox runs through the field.
He falls down into the well.

[3] The wolf walks across the field.
He looks down into the well.

[4] Wolf. Who is calling?
Poor old Friend Fox!
How did you fall down there?
Is it dark and cold down there?
How sorry I am for you!

[5] Fox. Help me first, O Wolf,
and be sorry for me afterwards!
This is no time to talk.

[6] The fox holds out his paws.
[7] The wolf pulls him out of the well.

TELL THE RIGHT WORD

Tell why

1. Mary was going to the basement.
   She fell — the stairs. (down, up)

2. The sun rises in the —.
   It sets in the —. (west, east)

3. A baby is —.
   A grandfather is —. (old, young)

4. The rain made the pavement —.
   (dry, wet)

5. Writing paper is —. (black, white)

6. An empty bottle has —
   in it. (nothing, something)

7. The place where money is kept
   is called a —. (store, bank)

8. Edward was a —. (girl, boy)

9. The bread was — by the boy.
(drunk, eaten)

10. A stout man is —. (thin, fat)

11. A box with nothing in it
is —. (full, empty)

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12. The rooster — at sunrise.
(quacked, barked, crowed)

13. The heart pumps —.
(water, oil, blood)

14. The oak tree grows in the —.
(sky, pond, ground, ocean)

15. The bird — to the top of the tree.
(ran, swam, flew, climbed)

16. A window pane is made of —.
(iron, glass, tin)

SANTA CLAUS IS COMING!

[1]Up among the chimneys high,
Hark the merry sound!
The reindeer's tramp,
the ring of bells,
All the city round.

[2]Santa Claus is coming
with his pack of toys.
Santa Claus is coming
to his girls and boys.
Santa Claus is coming!
He 'll be welcome here,
For he only comes
to see us once a year!

[3]Clad in fur from head to foot,
Warm and soft he goes,
With silver hair and dimpled chin,
Cheek that 's like a rose.

[4]Santa Claus is coming!
with his pack of toys,
Santa Claus is coming
to his girls and boys.
Santa Claus is coming!
He 'll be welcome here,
For he only comes
to see us once a year!

[5]Stop the sleigh, the reindeer halt!
We are waiting here,
And every stocking 's hanging up.
Come down, Santa dear!

[6]Santa Claus is coming
with his pack of toys,
Santa Claus is coming
to his girls and boys.
Santa Claus is coming!
He 'll be welcome here,
For he only comes
to see us once a year!

By Nora Archibald Smith

Ned and Polly
had a happy Christmas.
Santa Claus brought them
a big Christmas tree.
Under it there were ten toys.

Write the word *toys*
on a piece of paper.
Now write under that word
the numbers for the toy words.

Find the ten toys
in the words on the next page.

Ned and Polly
had a good Christmas dinner.
Now write the word *dinner*
on your piece of paper.
Under the word *dinner*
write the numbers
of the things they had to eat.

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After their Christmas dinner
father took Ned and Polly
for a long walk.
There were ten places
to which they could go.
Write on your paper the word *walk*
Now find the names
of these ten places,
and write the numbers
on your paper under *walk.*

Put a dot under each place
where trees can not grow.

1. train
2. potatoes
3. skates
4. park
5. milk
6. doll
7. ice cream
8. turkey
9. top
10. cake
11 meadow
12. horse
13. river
14. sea
15. bread
16. dishes
17. pond
18. grapes
19. drum
20. mountain
21. oranges
22. games
23. ball
24. farm
25. apples
26. blocks
27 town
28. village
29. nuts
30. ocean

GRANDFATHER BEAR AND SLY FOX

1. HOW THEY NAMED THE TREES

One bright morning,
Grandfather Bear came tramping down over the hill.
He had a fat pig on his shoulder.
When he was almost down the hill, he met Sly Fox, sitting by the side of the path.

"Good-day, Grandfather Bear,"
said Sly Fox.
"What is that on your shoulder?"
"That is pork,"
answered Grandfather Bear.
"And a fine bit of pork it is, too."
"I have a fine bit, too,"
said Sly Fox.
"What is it?" asked the bear.
"The biggest wild bees' honeycomb
that I ever saw in my life,"
answered Sly Fox.
"Indeed, you don't say so,"
said Grandfather Bear.
He licked his lips, as he thought
how good the honey would taste.
"Will you trade it for my pork?"
"No, no," answered Sly Fox,
I can not trade it."

But after more talk they agreed that each should think of the names of three trees.

If the fox could say his three off faster than the bear could say his, he was to have leave to take one bite of the pig.

But if Grandfather Bear won,
he was to have leave
to take one bite out of the honeycomb.
Grandfather Bear was very sure
that he could get all the honey
in that one bite.

So they began to name the trees.

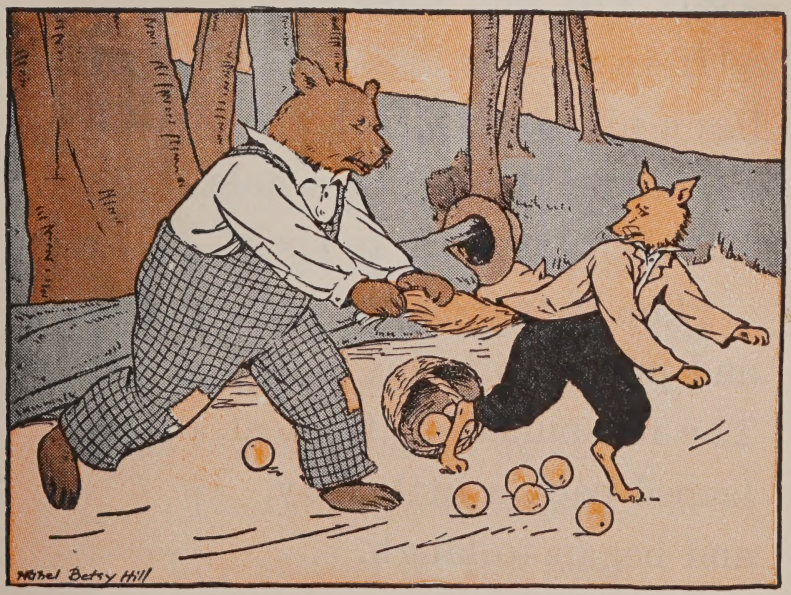
"Fir, tamarack, larch,"
the bear growled.
He was not really cross,
but his voice was always cross,
no matter how good he felt.

"Ash, aspen, oak," Sly Fox cried.
"Tamarack and larch are two names for
the same tree."

Sly Fox won,
for Grandfather Bear had named
only two trees.

[1]"Larch and tamarack are names
for the same tree," Sly Fox said.
He grabbed at the pig and got a bite.

"You have taken the very best part
of my pork," growled the bear.
He made a grab at Sly Fox,
caught hold of his tail,
and held him fast.



[2]"Let me go," begged Sly Fox,
"and you shall have a taste
of my honey."

When Grandfather Bear heard that,
he let Sly Fox go.

[3]Away went Sly Fox
after the honeycomb.
He soon came back,
and held it under the bear's nose.
Sly Fox said slyly,
"Here on this honeycomb
lies a nice brown leaf,
and under the leaf is a hole.
That hole you are to suck."

[4]The bear took the honeycomb,
and put it up to his mouth.
The fox pulled off the leaf,
leaped back a little way,
and began to laugh.

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[5] What do you think?
Instead of a honeycomb,
Sly Fox had handed the bear
a hornets' nest
as big as a man's head.
The hornets flew out.
They settled on the bear.

They stung his ears.
They stung his nose and mouth.
Poor Grandfather Bear!
He had such hard work
getting rid of the hornets,
that he had no time
to think of Sly Fox.

A Norse tale, by CLIFTON JOHNSON

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SNOW

[1]If snow were only sugar,
How pleasant it would be,
To pick the lovely frosting
From every bush and tree.

[2]We would skate on sugar taffy.
We would coast on sugar hills,
And snow drifts would be jolly
To roll in, after spills!

By Abbie Farwell Brown

THE BOYS AND THE FROGS

Some boys were playing on the bank
of a pond near the village.
They saw some frogs in the water.
They began to throw stones at them.
Some of the frogs swam away.
Some of the frogs hid under big stones.
But some of the frogs were killed
by the stones that the boys threw.

At last Grandfather Frog
stuck his head out of the water.

"Stop your cruel fun," he said.
"For we have not hurt you.
What is play to you is death to us."

BIG FROG

[1]SAYS. Look, Little Frog.
See the boys!
They are children like you.
They like to play as you do.

[2]DOES. He swims nearer to the bank.
He waves to the others to come.
He raises his head to see better.

[3]SAYS. Dear me! What are they doing?
They are throwing stones!
A stone nearly hit me.
It has hurt my grandchild frog!

[4]DOES. He ducks his head,
He puts the little frog behind him.
He raises his head out of the water.

[5]SAYS. Cruel, cruel boys!
See what you have done!
You have hurt a little boy frog.
That is not real fun!
Real fun should never hurt.

[6]DOES. He takes the little frog's hand.
He helps him to swim to the bank.
He helps him into their mud home.

Watch for the thing
you would like to draw
in this story.

1. THE BEST TRICK OF ALL

[1]Once there was a rooster
who was very proud of himself.
He was proud of his strong legs.
He was proud of his red feathers.
He was proud of his red comb.
Most of all he was proud of his voice.
As he walked around the barnyard,
he often stopped to crow.

He would say to himself,

"I am the most beautiful rooster
in this wide, wide world!
No other rooster lives
who can crow as loud as I can."

[2]One bright morning Reddy Rooster
was walking around the barnyard.
He was making more noise
than all the other barnyard people
put together.

"Cock-a-doodle-do!"
crowed Reddy Rooster proudly.

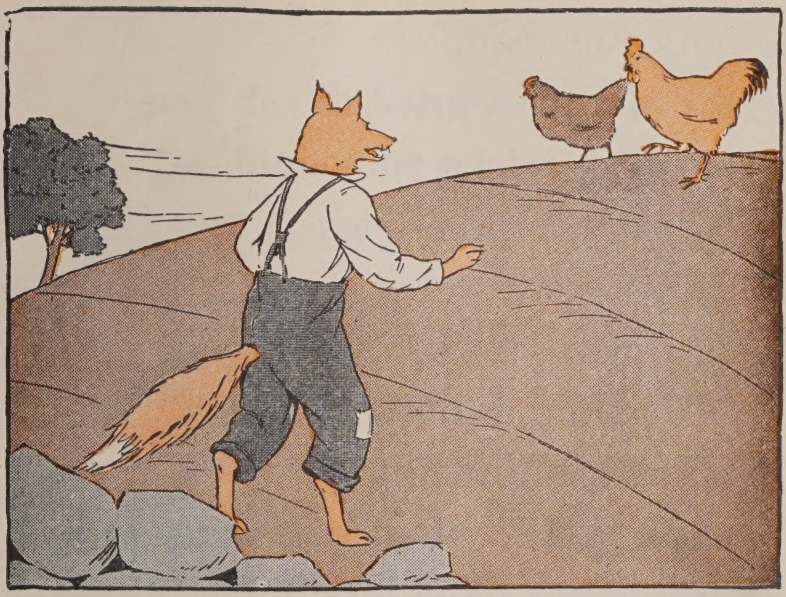
[3]Little Brown Hen was out, too.

"What a fine day this is," she said.
"The sun shines bright.
All the birds are singing.
Let us fly over the fence.
Let us hunt for worms in the garden."

"All right," said Reddy Rooster.

[4]So Brown Hen and Reddy Rooster
flew right over the fence.
They hurried away to the garden.

[5]Sly Fox happened to pass by.
Sly Fox said to himself,
"I want that rooster for my dinner.
I wish he would come over here,
so that I could catch him.
But, no! He is scratching around,
out there in the garden.
I shall have to go out and talk to him."



[6]Reddy Rooster and Brown Hen
saw Sly Fox walk toward them.
They took care to keep out of his way.

[7]"Do not be afraid, Mr. Rooster,"
said Sly Fox slyly,
"I want to have a friendly talk."

"All right," said Reddy Rooster.
"I am not afraid of talking with you,
only do not come any nearer."

[8]Sly Fox said,
"Oh, I just wanted to ask you
how many tricks you could do."
"I can do three tricks,"
Reddy Rooster boasted.
"How many tricks can you do?"
[9]"I can do a hundred tricks,"
Sly Fox said proudly.
"Can you?" Reddy Rooster said.
"I would not have thought it!
Which is the best one of all?"
[10]"One my grandfather taught me,"
Sly Fox answered.
"He could shut both eyes
and give a great shout.
I have learned to do the same thing."
"Why, that is nothing!"
said Reddy Rooster.
"I can do that myself!"

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2. WHO WON?

[1]"Do you really think you can do
that trick you talked about?"
Sly Fox asked. "Try it."

So Reddy Rooster held up his head,
and crowed as loud as ever he could.

"Cock-a-doodle-do!" he crowed.
"Cock-a-doodle-do! Cock-a-doodle-do!"

Then he flapped his wings,
as if he had done a great thing.
But he had shut only one eye.
He wanted to watch Sly Fox
with the other.

[2]"Very pretty," Sly Fox said.
"But you did not shut both eyes.
I hardly thought you could do it
as well as my grandfather did."

"Yes, I can, too!"
cried Reddy Rooster.
He forgot the need to watch.
He closed both his eyes,
and began to crow,

"Cock-a-dood—"

[3]But he never finished the crow,
for as soon as his eyes were shut,
Sly Fox jumped at him.
He caught him by the neck,
and started to run to the woods.

Brown Hen ran after them.
She cried,

"Let go of Reddy Rooster!
Let go of Reddy Rooster!"

Brown Hen ran after them.

[4] "Mr. Fox," said Reddy Rooster,
"Little Brown Hen can run very fast.
She will catch up with us and peck you.
You better call back to her,
'This rooster is mine!'"

[5] Now Sly Fox did not wish
to be pecked by Little Brown Hen.
He opened his mouth
to shout back to her
that Reddy Rooster was his.
"Reddy Roo—" he began.

[6] As soon as he opened his mouth,
to shout back at Little Brown Hen,
Reddy Rooster got away.
He flew up into a tree.
There he shut both of his eyes,
and gave a big loud crow,
as Sly Fox sneaked off into the bushes.

"Cock-a-doodle-do!"
Reddy Rooster crowed proudly.
"I can crow with both eyes shut, too,
just as your grandfather did!"
Little Brown Hen came running up.
"And so you can!" she said proudly.

By Clifton Johnson

GHOST FAIRIES

[1]When the open fire is lit,
In the evening after tea,
Then I like to come and sit,
Where the fire can talk to me.

[2]Fairy stories it can tell,
Tales of a forgotten race, —
Of the fairy ghosts that dwell
In the ancient chimney place.

[3]They are quite the strangest folk
Anybody ever knew,
Shapes of shadow and of smoke,
Living in the chimney flue.

[4]"Once," the fire said, "long ago,
With the winds they used to rove,
Gipsy fairies, to and fro,
Camping in the field and grove.

[5]"Hither with the trees they came
Hidden in the logs; and here,
Hovering above the flame,
Often some of them appear."

[6]So I watch, and, sure enough,
I can see the fairies! Then,
Suddenly there comes a puff —
Whish!— and they are gone again!

By Frank Dempster Sherman

THE FOX AND THE CROW

One day a crow flew into a tree
with a piece of cheese.
Mr. Fox knew she would not share it,
if he asked for some, so he said,

"How beautiful you are, Miss Crow!
How your feathers shine!
What bright eyes you have!
Will you not sing for me?
I want to hear your beautiful voice."

The crow was pleased at the praise.
She thought Mr. Fox was very fine.
She opened her mouth to sing for him.

"Caw! Caw! Caw!" she sang.

The cheese fell to the ground.
Mr. Fox ate it up lickety clip.

"Ha! Ha!" laughed Mr. Fox.
"I got your cheese after all!"

[1]The crow flies
to a tree with some cheese.
The fox sits down under the tree.

[2]Fox. I want that cheese!
I will get it from Miss Crow.
How your feathers shine!
What bright eyes you have!
Won't you sing for me?
You have a beautiful voice!

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[3]The crow looks down at Mr. Fox.
She looks at her fine feathers.
She opens her mouth to sing.

[4]Crow. Caw! Caw! Caw!

[5]Mr. Fox grabs the piece of cheese
He eats it.

[6]Fox Ha! Ha! Ha!
I got your cheese after all!

FIND WHAT IS WRONG

1. Take your reader in your hand.
   Turn the book upside down.
   Begin to read the book.

2. Go to the door into the hall.
   Lock the door.
   Go through it into the hall.

3. Say the numbers from 1 to 10.
   Say the numbers from 10 to 1.
   Where was 12 among them?

4. Run all the way down town.
   Stop at the Woolworth Building
   Ride up seven stories
   to the basement.

5. Look at a picture of a man's head
   Find the three eyes in it.
   Find the mouth in it.

6. Father went to the cellar.
He got some dry wood.
He built a fire in the ice-box.

7. Mother bought seed at a jeweler's.
She planted it in the yard.
She watered it with care.

8. Tom poured milk into a glass.
He wanted it to be cold.
He set it upside down on ice.

9. Sister sewed a patch on the coat.
Then she cut cloth for the patch.
She brushed the coat.

10. Betty had a bad pain in her head.
Tom gave her a dose of medicine.
Then Tom took the cork out.

11. Betty ate her breakfast.
Mother cut bread with a spoon.
She gave the bread to Betty.

THE BOY AND THE WOLF

Many years ago
a boy took care of the sheep.
Each morning he would drive them
to the green hill
outside of the village.
There they would feed all day.
At night he would drive them home.

One day the little boy thought
it would be fun to play a trick
on the people of the village.
So he cried that a wolf was coming.

The people rushed out
to kill the wolf,
but there was no wolf.
The little boy thought it was funny
to see the people get so cross.

He tried the trick a second time.

He called loudly

that a wolf was coming.
The people ran out to kill the wolf,
but again there was no wolf.
The little boy laughed to himself,
when they were gone.

But the next day
a big gray wolf crept up the hill.
The little boy saw him coming.
He cried louder than ever
that a wolf was coming.

The people of the village
would not believe him this time,
for he had told them lies before.
They decided not to let him
fool them this time,
and kept on with their work.

So the wolf chased the sheep
and killed ten of them.

WHO WAS THE STRONGEST?

[1]Mr. Rabbit raised himself
from his chair,
and looked at the seat closely.

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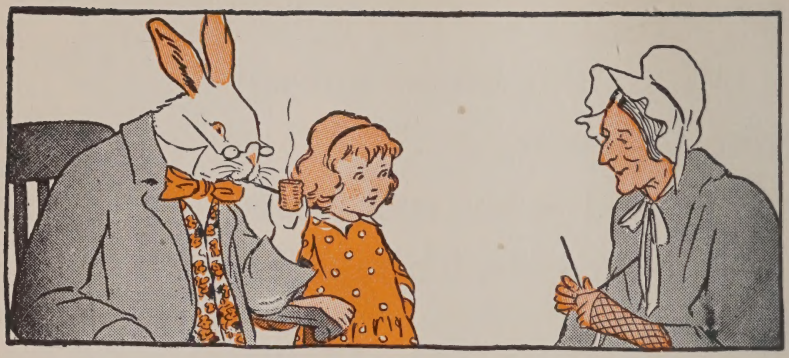
"I missed Mr. Thimblefinger,"
he said,
"and I was afraid I had sat on him."

"Oh, no!" cried Mr. Thimblefinger,
coming out from under the steps.
"I was just resting myself."

[2]"Mr. Thimblefinger
will take care of himself!"
said Mrs. Meadows.
"He is little,
but is a mountain strong
because it is big?"

[3]"That makes me think of a story!"
said Mr. Rabbit.
"I am always thinking about stories."



[4]"Oh, please tell us the story,"
begged Sweetest Susan.

He shook his head and said,

"Mrs. Meadows can tell it
better than I can."

[5]"What about dinner?"
cried Mr. Thimblefinger.

"Dinner will be ready soon,"
replied Mrs. Meadows.

[6]"But the story?"
said Sweetest Susan,

"Well," replied Mrs. Meadows,
"It was like this.

2. AT THE MILL POND

[1]"One time in the country
there happened to be a big frost,
and the mill pond froze over.
Mr. Rabbit ran along that way,
and found that the mill pond
was frozen over."

"Was it this Mr. Rabbit?"
asked Buster John.

Mrs. Meadows folded her hands
in her lap and looked
at Buster John and Sweetest Susan.

"I never talk about folks
behind their backs!" she said.

Then she went on with the story.

[2]"Mr. Rabbit found the ice bridge
over the pond.
As he was in somewhat of a hurry,
he skipped across it.

The ice was so slippery,
that when he got half way across,
his feet slipped from under him,
and he fell kerthump!

[3]He got up and rubbed himself
as well as he could.
Then he thought
that the ice must be very strong
to hit him so hard a lick.
He said to the ice,
"You are very strong."
"I am so," replied the ice.
"If you are so strong,
how can the sun melt you?"
The ice said nothing,
for what could it say?

3. MR. RABBIT TRIES TO FIND THE ANSWER

[1]The ice had said nothing
when Mr. Rabbit asked it
how it happened
that the sun could melt it,
if it was so strong.

[2]Mr. Rabbit asked the sun,
"Are you very strong?"
"So they tell me," replied the sun.
Mr. Rabbit asked,
"Then how can the clouds hide you?"

The sun was somewhat ashamed,
and had nothing to say.

[3] Mr. Rabbit looked at the clouds.

"Are you very strong?"
he asked the clouds.

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"We have heard so,"
replied the clouds.

"How can the wind blow you?"
asked Mr. Rabbit.

The clouds sailed away,
and had nothing to say.

[4] Mr. Rabbit then asked the wind,
"Are you very strong?"

"I believe so," said the wind.

"Then how can the mountain
stand against you?"
asked Mr. Rabbit.

The wind blew itself away,
and had nothing to say.

[5]Mr. Rabbit asked the mountain,

"Are you very strong, oh, mountain?"

"So it seems," replied the mountain.

"How can mice make nests in you?" asked Mr. Rabbit.

The mountain was mum.

It had not a word to say.

[6]Mr. Rabbit turned to the mouse.

"Are you very strong?" he asked.

"I believe so," replied the mouse.

"Then how can the cat catch you?" asked Mr. Rabbit.

The mouse hid in the grass,

for she had nothing to say.

[7]Then Mr. Rabbit asked the cat,

"Are you very strong?" he asked.

"Yes, indeed," replied the cat.

"Then how can the dog chase you?" asked Mr. Rabbit.

The cat began to wash her face,
for she had nothing to say.

[8]Then Mr. Rabbit said to the dog,
"Are you very strong?"

"I certainly am," replied the dog.

"Then why does a stick scare you?"
asked Mr. Rabbit.

The dog began to scratch
the fleas off his neck,
for he had nothing whatever to say.

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Mr. Rabbit turned to the stick and asked,

"Are you very strong?"

"Everybody says so," said the stick.

"Then how can fire burn you?" asked Mr. Rabbit.

The stick was dumb.

It had not a single word to say.

[10]Mr. Rabbit then turned to the fire.

"Are you very strong?" he asked.

"Anybody will tell you so,"
replied the fire.

"Then how can water quench you?"
asked Mr. Rabbit.

The fire hid behind the smoke,
and had nothing whatever to say.

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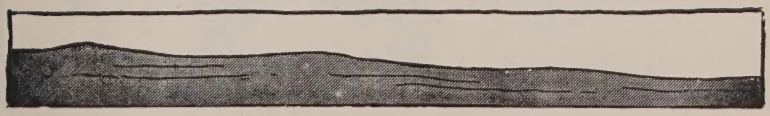
[11]Mr. Rabbit then asked the water,

"Are you very strong?"

"Strong is no name for it,"
said the water.

"Then how can the ice cover you?"
asked Mr. Rabbit.

The water went running away
as fast as it could go.
It had nothing whatever to say.



[12] After it had gone,
the ice said to Mr. Rabbit,
"You see you had to come
back to me at last!
You had to come back to me!"
"Yes," replied Mr. Rabbit,
"and now I am going away.
You are too much for me."
[13] Then Mr. Rabbit ran off,
rubbing his bruises."

By Joel Chandler Harris

RIDDLES TO GUESS

1. Riddle me, riddle me, what is that,
Over the head, and under the hat?

2. I have a little sister,
Her name is Pretty Peep.
She wades in the waters,
Deep, deep, deep!
She climbs up the mountains,
High, high, high.
My poor little sister,
She has but one eye.

3. Red within and black without,
With four corners round about.

4. Black we are, but much admired.
Men seek for us till they are tired.
We tire the horse, but comfort man.
Tell me this riddle, if you can.

5. Riddle-me, riddle-me, riddle-me-ree,
Perhaps you can tell what this riddle may be!
As deep as a house, as round as a cup,
And all the King's horses can't draw it up.

6. There was a little green house,
And in the little green house,
There was a little brown house,
And in the little brown house,
There was a little yellow house,
And in the little yellow house,
There was a little white house,
And in the little white house
There was a little heart.

7. Elizabeth, Elspeth, Betsy, and Bess,
They all went together to seek a bird's nest.
They found a bird's nest with five eggs in,
They all took one and left four in.

MOTHER GOOSE

8. Old Mother Twitchett
had but one eye,
And a long tail,
which she let fly.
And every time
she went over a gap
She left a bit
of her tail in a trap.

9. Little Nancy Etticoat,
In a white petticoat,
With a red nose!
The longer she stands,
The shorter she grows.

10. Thirty white horses
Upon a red hill,
Now they tramp,
Now they champ,
Now they stand still.

THE FOX AND THE CRAB

One day a fox met a crab.
He said, "Ha! Ha! All those legs!
And yet I can run ten times as fast!"

The crab said, "It is your fine tail
that makes you run so fast.
Let me tie your tail down.
Then I will run a race with you."

When the fox dropped his tail,
the crab caught hold with his claws.

"Now we will run," cried the crab.

The fox ran, and ran, and ran.

When he stopped,
there was the crab.

She said,

"You thought you could run
ten times as fast as I.
But here I am beside you.
I have won the race!"

1 Say. Good-morning, Mrs. Crab.
What a slow walker you are!
You have all those legs.
Yet I can run ten times as fast.

2 Do. The fox walks about proudly.
He looks with pity at Mrs. Crab.

3 Say. You say my tail helps me to run.
You want to tie it down.
All right, Mrs. Crab, go ahead.
Tie my tail down.
I will run a race with you.

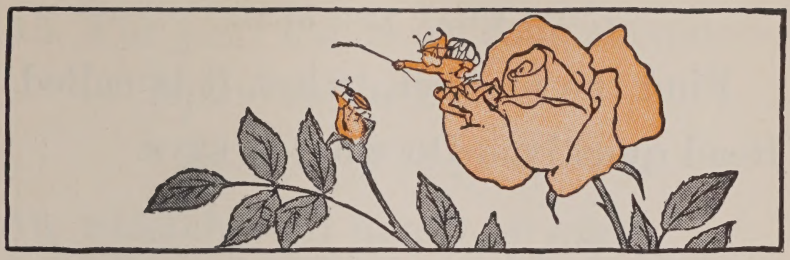
4 Do. The fox turns his back to the crab.
He runs the race.

5 Say. Well, the race is over!
I have surely won the race.
What! You are here, Mrs. Crab!
Well, well! I've lost, after all!
How did you ever run so fast?

THE FOUR WINDS

[1]In winter, when the wind I hear,
I know the clouds will disappear.
For 't is the wind who sweeps the sky
And piles the snow in ridges high.

[2]In spring, when stirs the wind, I know
That soon the crocus buds will show.
For 't is the wind who bids them wake
And into pretty blossoms break.



[3]In summer, when it softly blows,
Soon red I know will be the rose.
For 't is the wind who to her speaks,
And brings the blushes to her cheeks.

[4]In autumn, when the wind is up,
I know the acorn 's out its cup.
For 't is the wind who takes it out,
And plants an oak somewhere about.

By Frank Dempster Sherman

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Find the number, when it is called. Read quickly. Do what it says.

1. Play that you smell a flower.
2. Play that you wash your face.
3. Play that you dig with a shovel.
4. Play that you break a stick.
5. Play that you lock the door.
6. Play that you water the flowers.
7. Play that you sew a patch.
8. Play that you hang up a stocking.
9. Play that you pump water.
10. Play that you dry your hands.
11. Play that you pour ink into a well.
12. Play that you pack a box.
13. Play that you crack a nut.
14. Play that you shoot a gun.

15. Put your hands on your shoulders.
Tiptoe to the corner.
Skip back to your desk.

16. Stretch your hands up high.
Walk to the window.
Tap on the window.

17. Hop up to the blackboard.
Take a piece of chalk.
Print your name.

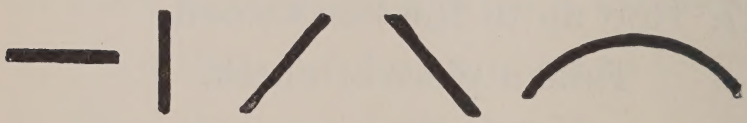
18. Cover your eyes with your hands.
Make a sound like a bee.
Put your hands on the desk.

19. Go to the front desk.
Pick up a pencil.
Give it to some one.

20. Put your left hand on your neck.
Shake your right hand quickly
Rub your hands together.

Here are some things to do
on a piece of paper.
Read carefully to find out
just what you are to do.

1. Here are five kinds of lines.



Choose one. Draw it,
making it longer or bigger.
Then add to it any lines you wish,
to make a picture.

2. Choose another line. Draw it
the same size.
Add other lines
to make another picture.
Now put a black frame
around the smaller picture.

3. Choose five of these words.
Write them on your paper in one row,
up and down, with numbers.

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hat	**beast**
sand	**pair**
pout	**hate**
fear	**coat**
seat	**part**

Then chop off the heads
of the five words you chose.
Write the new words
beside the old.

4. Choose one of these two words.

carpenter **caterpillar**

Make as many words
as you can out of it.
Mix the letters, if you like.
Number your words.

FIVE PEAS IN A POD

1. THE FIVE PEAS

Find the line that tells about the picture.

[1]Once upon a time
there were five peas in a pod.
The peas were green,
and the pod was green,
so they thought
the whole world was green.

[2]The sun shone,
and the rain fell.
The peas became yellow,
and the pod also.

"All the world is turning yellow,"
said they.

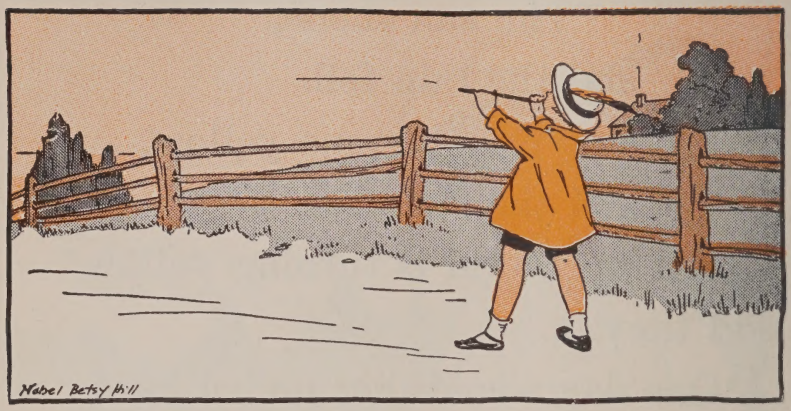
[3]One day something pulled hard
at the shell.
Then the shell was torn off the vine.

"Now we shall soon be set free,"
said the peas.

[4]"Which one of us will go farthest?"
said the smallest pea.

"What is to be, will be,"
said the biggest pea.

[5]Crack! The pod burst open,
and all the five peas rolled out
into the bright sunshine.
There they lay in a little boy's hand.



2. THE PEA-SHOOTER

[1]"What fine peas for my pea-shooter!" cried the little boy.
"I must try them at once!"

He put one into the pea-shooter, and shot it far into the air.

[2]"I'm flying into the wide world," cried the first pea.
"Catch me if you can!"

[3]"I shall fly straight into the sun," said the second pea.
And away he went.

[4]"We are going to sleep,
wherever we go,"
said the next two peas,
and off they went.

[5]"What is to be, will be,"
said the last pea.
He flew up and fell into a crack
outside a garret window.
The crack was full of moss.
The moss closed over the little pea,
and he seemed quite lost.

[6]In the garret there lived
a poor woman and her little child.
The woman went away every day
to earn money.
Her child had been sick in bed
for a year.

"I am afraid she will not get well,"
said the mother.

3. THE GARDEN ON THE ROOF

[1]But now it was spring.
Sunshine came through the window,
and lay across the floor.

"Mother," said the little girl,
"what is that green thing
that looks in at the window?
Why, it is moving in the wind!"

[2]The mother stepped to the window
and opened it.

"Upon my word," she said,
"a little pea plant has taken root,
and is putting out leaves.
Here is a little garden
for you to watch."

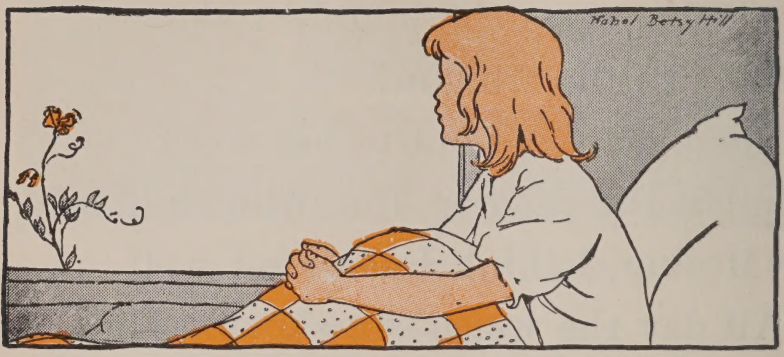
[3]She moved her child's bed
close to the window.
Then she went out to her work.

[4]In the evening, the little child said,
"Mother, I think I shall get well.
All day the warm sun shone on me.
The little pea is growing finely,
and I shall grow better, too.
By and by I shall get up,
and go out into the sunshine.
Then I shall be well again."

"God grant it!" said the mother.

[5]She propped up the pea-vine
with a little stick.
Next she put up a string
for it to climb upon.

[6]How the little plant grew!
It seemed to know
that loving faces were watching it.



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4. THE PEA BLOSSOM

[1]"Really, here is a blossom coming!"
said the mother one day.
Quickly the child sat up in bed
to look upon the wonder.

[2]In a few days,
she sat up for a whole hour.
The window was open, and outside
a lovely pink pea blossom
swayed in the breeze.

[3]The mother kissed it.

"The Heavenly Father
sent that blossom." she said.

[4]What about the other peas?
The one who cried,
"Catch me, if you can!"
fell into the spout of a roof.
There it was found one day,
and eaten by a bird.
Birds ate the two lazy ones, too.
As for the pea who said,
"I shall fly straight into the sun,"
he got no farther than a pool
in the back yard.
He fell into the pool and was drowned.

[5]The little girl
stood at the garret window
with bright eyes and rosy cheeks.
She was well once more.

[6]And the little pea blossom
danced in the breeze.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. Retold by FANNIE E. COE

BOSTON PUBLIC

GARDENING IS HEAPS OF FUN!

[1] Gardening is heaps of fun!
We are partners with the sun,
For we help him make things grow,
With our spade and rake and hoe!

[2] First we spade the ground, then rake it.
Ready for the seeds we make it.
Then in furrows carefully
Plant them as they ought to be.

[3]Soon above the ground we spy
Tiny green things push and pry,
Little plants that from their night
Wake to climb to find the light.

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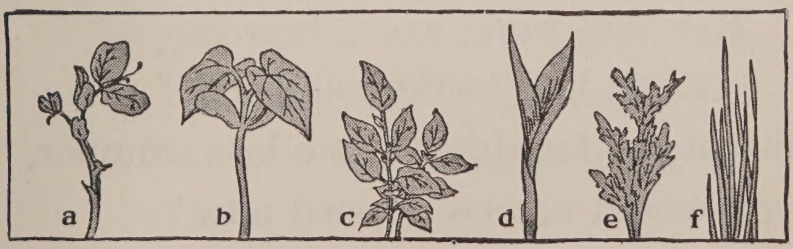
[4]They are thirsty, so we give
Water first that they may live.
Then the weeds we vanquish, so
Each wee shoot may thrive and grow.

[5]Busy rain drops, light, and air,
Haste to come, our work to share.
For to them, too, every one,
Gardening is heaps of fun!

By Mary Carolyn Davies

Tell which plant each of these is.



[1]One warm summer day
Mrs. Ant was busy in the garden,
gathering wheat.
She carried it to her home
in the ground.
Mr. Grasshopper happened to hop by.
He laughed at her for working so hard.
"Everybody is resting!" he said.
[2]One cold winter day
Mrs. Ant was eating a good breakfast
of wheat.
Mr. Grasshopper hopped up and said.
"I am nearly starved to death.
Give me something to eat, I beg."
Mrs. Ant said,
"If you had worked as I did,
instead of laughing at me last summer,
you would not be in need now."

THE GRASSHOPPER (*Summer*)

[1] *Says.* Mrs. Ant, you work too hard.

[2] *Does.* He hops to where Mrs. Ant is working
He laughs at her and walks away.

THE ANT (*Winter*)

[3] *Says.* What a good supper I have!

[4] *Does.* She puts food on her table.
She sits down and eats it.

THE GRASSHOPPER

[5] *Says.* I'm nearly starved to death!
Oh Mrs. Ant, will you give me
some food to eat?

[6] *Does.* He walks up to the door.
He knocks and sticks his head in.

THE ANT

[7] *Says.* If you had worked as I did,
you would not be in need now.
You may have some supper,
but you will have to work
for it.

FIVE LITTLE CHICKENS

[1]Said the first little chicken,
With a queer little squirm,
"Oh, I wish I could find
A fat little worm!"

[2]Said the next little chicken,
With an odd little shrug,
"Oh, I wish I could find
A fat little bug!"

[3]Said the third little chicken,
With a sharp little squeal,
"Oh, I wish I could find
Some nice yellow meal!"

[4]Said the fourth little chicken,
With a small sigh of grief,
"Oh, I wish I could find
A green little leaf!"

[5]Said the fifth little chicken,
With a faint little moan,
"Oh, I wish I could find
A wee gravel-stone!"

6 "Now, see here," said the mother,
From the green garden-patch,
"If you want any breakfast,
You must come and scratch."

A PLAY

Here is a little play.
Read again to find what they said.

(Five little chickens are scratching in the garden with their mother.)

FIRST LITTLE CHICKEN. Oh, I wish ——

SECOND LITTLE CHICKEN. Oh, I wish ——

THIRD LITTLE CHICKEN. Oh, I wish ——

FOURTH LITTLE CHICKEN. Oh, I wish ——

FIFTH LITTLE CHICKEN. Oh, I wish ——

MOTHER HEN. If you want —

Now act your play.

PETER RABBIT

1. PETER GOES VISITING

[1]Once there were four little rabbits. Their names were Flopsy, Mopsy, Cotton-Tail, and Peter.

[2]They all lived with their mother in a sand bank, underneath the root of a very big fir-tree.

[3]"Now, my dears," said old Mrs. Rabbit one fine morning, "you may go into the fields or down the lane, but don't go into Mr. McGregor's garden. Your father had an accident there. He was put into a pie by Mrs. McGregor.

"Now run along, and don't get into mischief. I am going out."

[4]Then old Mrs. Rabbit took a basket and her umbrella and went through the woods to the baker's. She bought a loaf of brown bread and five currant buns.

[5]Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cotton-Tail, who were good little

bunnies, went down the lane to gather blackberries. But Peter, who was very naughty, ran straight away to Mr. McGregor's garden, and squeezed under the gate!

[6]First he ate some lettuce. Then he ate some radishes. And then, feeling rather sick, he looked for some parsley.

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[7]But round the end of a cucumber frame, whom should he see but—Mr. McGregor!

[8]Mr. McGregor was down on his hands and knees setting out young cabbages, but he jumped up and ran after Peter, waving a rake and calling,

"Stop thief!"

2. IN THE GARDEN

[1]Peter Rabbit was dreadfully frightened. He rushed all over the garden, for he had forgotten the way back to the gate. He lost one of his shoes among the cabbages, and the other among the potatoes.

[2]After losing them, he ran on four legs and went faster. I think he might have got away, if he had not run into a gooseberry net, and got caught by the large buttons on his jacket. It was a blue jacket with brass buttons.

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[3]Peter gave himself up for lost, and shed big tears. But his sobs were overheard by some friendly sparrows, who flew down, and begged him to get loose.

[4]Mr. McGregor came up with a sieve, to pop over the top of Peter. But Peter wriggled out just in time, leaving his jacket behind him.

[5]He rushed into the tool-shed, and jumped into a can. It would have been a beautiful thing to hide in, if it had not had so much water in it.

[6]Mr. McGregor was sure that Peter was somewhere in the tool-shed, perhaps hidden under a flower-pot. He began to turn them over carefully, looking under each.

[7]Presently Peter sneezed—

"Ker-choo!"

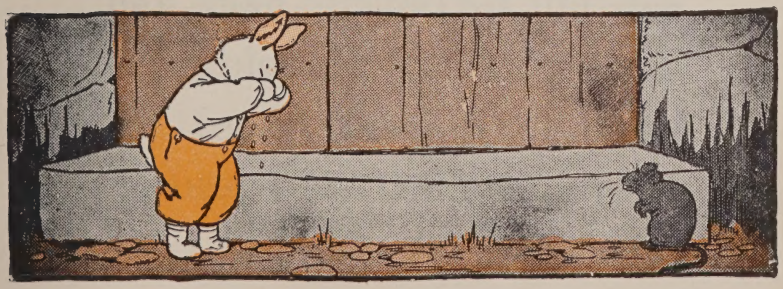
[8]Mr. McGregor was after him in no time and tried to put his foot upon Peter, who jumped out of a window, upsetting three plants. The window was too small for

Mr. McGregor, so he went back to his work.

[9]Peter sat down to rest. He was out of breath and trembling with fright, and he had not the least idea which way to go. Also he was very damp from sitting in the can.

[10]After a time he began to wander about, going lippity-lippity — not very fast, and looking all around.

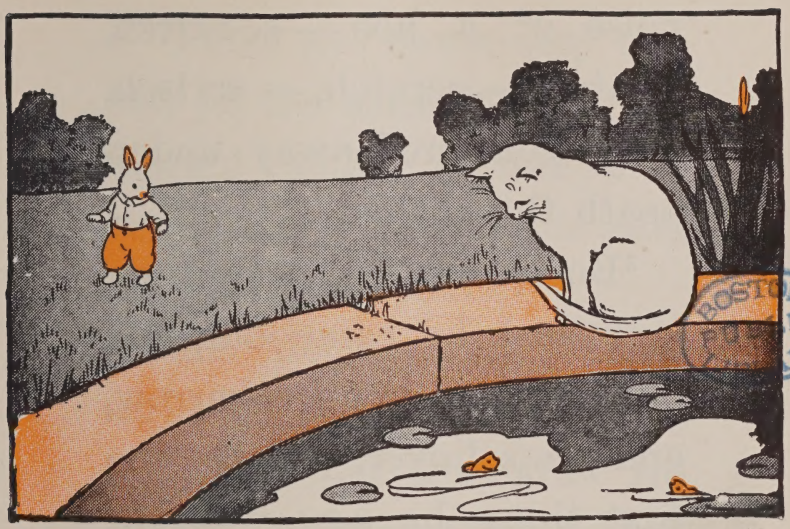
[11]He found a door in a wall. But it was locked, and there



was no room for a fat little rabbit to squeeze underneath.

[12]An old mouse was running around over the stone doorstep, carrying peas and beans to her family in the wood. Peter asked her the way to the gate, but she had such a large pea in her mouth that she could not answer. She only shook her head at him. Peter began to cry.

[13]Then he tried to find his way straight across the garden, but he became more and more puzzled. Presently, he came to a pond where Mr. McGregor filled his watering-cans.



3. HOW PETER GOT HOME

[1]A white cat was staring at the little gold-fish. Peter thought it best to go away without speaking to her. He had heard about cats from his cousin, little Benjamin Bunny.

[2]He went back towards the tool-shed, but suddenly, quite close to him, he heard the

noise of a hoe — sc-r-ritch, scratch, — scratch, — scritch. Peter scuttered away underneath the bushes.

[3]But presently, as nothing happened, he came out, and climbed upon a wheel-barrow, and peeped over. Again the first thing he saw was Mr. McGregor hoeing some onions. His back was turned towards Peter, and beyond him was the gate!

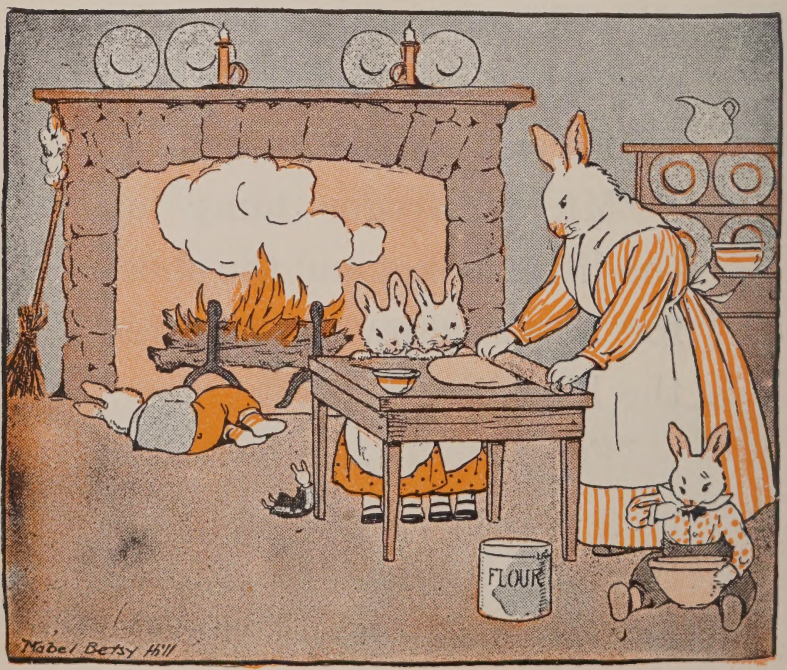
[4]Peter got down very quietly off the wheel-barrow, and started running as fast as he could, along a straight walk behind some bushes.

[5]Mr. McGregor did catch sight of him at the corner, but Peter did not care. He slipped underneath the gate, and was safe at last in the woods outside the garden.

[6]Mr. McGregor hung up the little jacket and the shoes for a scarecrow to frighten the blackbirds.

[7]Peter never stopped running or looked behind him till he got home to the big fir-tree.

[8]He was so tired that he flopped down upon the nice soft sand on the floor of the rabbit-hole, and shut his eyes. His mother was busy cooking. She wondered what he had done with his clothes. It was the second little jacket



and pair of shoes that Peter had lost in two weeks!

[9]I am sorry to say that Peter was not very well during the evening. His mother put him to bed. She made some camomile tea, and gave a dose of it to Peter!

"One tablespoonful to be taken at bedtime."

[10]But Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cotton-Tail had bread and milk and blackberries for supper.

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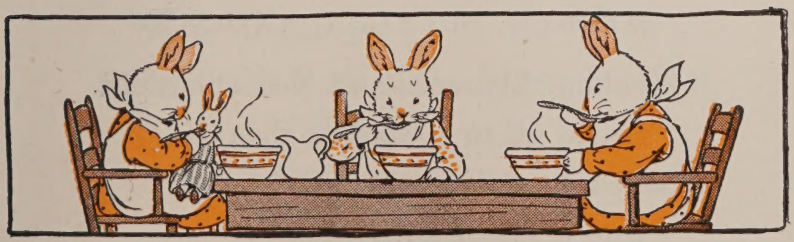
By Beatrix Potter



WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD

[1]Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe —
Sailed on a river of crystal light,
Into a sea of dew.

"Where are you going,
and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish
for the herring fish,
That live in this beautiful sea.
Nets of silver and gold have we!"
Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

2 The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them
all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.
The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in that beautiful sea.

"Now cast your nets wherever you wish.
Never afraid are we."
So cried the stars to the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

[3] All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam.
Then down from the skies
came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home.
'T was all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be,

And some folks thought 't was a dream
they 'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea—
But I shall name you
the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed.
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked
the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

By Eugene Field

WHO, WHEN, WHAT

Each of these numbers tells three things. Look at Number 1 and see what these three things are:

Who — the boys
When — to-day
What — played football

Now play a game. When your teacher calls a number, she will say, *Who*, *When*, or *What*. Then you must look quickly at the number and find the part that gives the answer.

1. The boys played football to-day.

2. Yesterday the girls made dresses for their dolls.

3. Two men climbed that mountain last year.

4. The fox stole a chicken from the hen-house last summer.

5. Two years ago our class first went to school.

6. This month Mary read two books.

7. A big black bear came out of the woods last night.

8. A father and his two boys were nearly killed at the railroad crossing yesterday.

9. A hundred men and women were working in the cotton fields last summer.

10. To-morrow Ned and two other boys will buy three tops at the store.

11. Next year Tom and Betty are going to the city.

12. To-day Betty and four other girls are going to bring their dolls.

13. Ten children were at the party last night.

14. Two days ago the boys and girls went to the country.

PETER RABBIT GOES FOR BERRIES 5

The hot drink that Mrs. Rabbit 11
gave Peter, when he came home from 18
Mr. McGregor's garden, kept Peter 23
from taking cold. So it was not long 31
before Peter wanted to go somewhere 37
again. 38

One fine day he asked his mother 45
to let Flopsy go with him to the black- 54
berry patch. Mother Rabbit said they 59
might go if they wore their rubbers. 66
After they had their breakfast of baked 73
apple and oatmeal, Mother Rabbit gave 79
them a pail and a big box of lunch to 89
take with them. She told them to 96
bring back some fine blackberries in 102
the pail for supper. 106

So off started Peter Rabbit and 112
Flopsy Rabbit. Soon they were in 118
the blackberry patch. They put the 124
box of lunch under a big tree and 132
started hunting berries just as fast as 139
they could. They walked, and they 145

walked, and they walked, looking for berries. 151 152

Suddenly Peter Rabbit looked up and saw that the sun was quite high in the sky. He looked at the pail. It was just half full of berries and they had eaten only three berries apiece. Peter decided that it was time for lunch. 157 165 174 182 188 195 196

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Peter and Flopsy started back to find the lunch box, but what do you think? They could not find the big tree, for they were lost. They did not know which way to go. 202 210 217 225 230

Flopsy started to cry, but just then a big blackbird flew down from a tree and chirped, "Come with me!" He hopped along the ground. Peter and Flopsy hopped after the blackbird and sure enough! he led them right back to the lunch box under the tree. 237 245 251 257 263 270 277

Peter and Flopsy ate their lunch of cake and apples, and threw all the crumbs to the kind blackbird. 284 291 296

MOLLY'S TEN CENTS

1. THE TEN CENTS

[1]Molly and Priscilla were two little cousins. They had spent a week together at their grandmother's in the country.

[2]When Molly went home at the end of the week, the cousins exchanged dimes. Molly meant to keep Priscilla's ten cents for ever and ever.

[3]One day Molly got a letter from her cousin. This is what it said:

[4]Dear Molly,

I miss you very much. I have spent your ten cents. I meant to get pink and blue and yellow tissue paper. But I got fire-crackers.

Please get something to remember me. As I have spent your ten cents for fire-crackers, I want you to spend mine for something you want.

Your loving cousin,

Priscilla Drayton.

5 "I think I had better go and look around in the shops," said Molly.

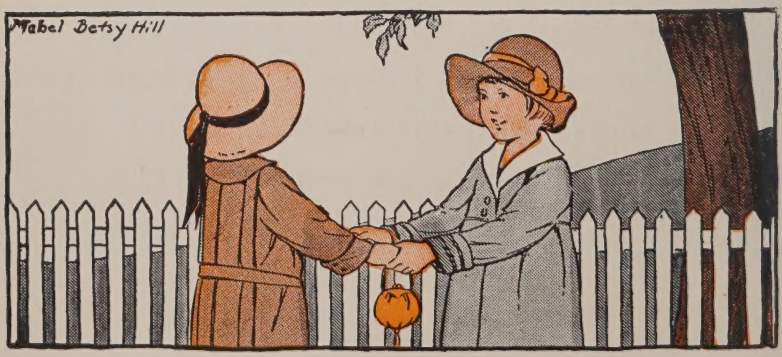
"You may go," said her mother. "You may go all by yourself like a big person."

6 Molly put on her brown hat and started out to the store. She had a little shopping-bag in her hand. Her little purse was in the bag. In the little purse was her ten-cent piece.

7 On the way to the store she saw her friend Julia.

"Where are you going, Molly?" Julia asked.

"I am going down town shopping," said Molly. "Come with me."



2. IN THE STORE

[1]Fletcher's store was a delightful shop. First, Molly saw a card of paper-doll children. They had pretty blue, red, and white dresses. There was a back and a front view to each. These were to be cut out and pasted together. There was also a tennis racket on the card. There were a brown hoop and a dear little red baby-cart. There were a blue shopping-bag and a green watering-pot.

[2]"How much are they?" asked Molly.

"Twelve cents and a half a card," said the man. "Do you want one of these cards?"

[3]Molly shook her head. "I have only ten cents," she answered.

"I will call it ten cents, since it is you," said the man with a smile. "Ten cents is cheap for two children, and all the clothes and playthings."

"Yes, it is very cheap," said Molly.

[4]Then Julia found some paper-doll furniture. One card was full of kitchen furniture. Another card was full of parlor furniture. Another card was full of bedroom furniture.

[5]"How beautiful!" Molly cried.

She looked at the little brown bureau. It had a white and red bureau cover on it. It had a red pin-cushion full of pins on it.

"Just see the brown chairs and the clock," she said.

"Look at the parlor furniture," said Julia.

"See the piano, and the red sofa and chairs. See the tall piano lamp with its red shade."

"The kitchen is a dear place," said Molly. "See the table and the stove and the dishes!"

[6]"How much are these cards?" asked Molly.

"Ten cents apiece," said the man.

"I don't know which I want the most," said Molly.

7 "Look at this sweet doll, Molly," cried Julia. "A big doll and such a pretty dress. How much is it?"

"Ten cents," said the man.

8 "Everything is ten cents in this store," cried Molly. "I can't *ever* choose!"

9 "Oh, Molly, see this!" cried Julia.

She stopped before a tall, round basket. A white card hung above the basket. On the card large black letters said:

CHILDREN'S GRAB BASKET

5 CENTS A GRAB

EACH THING WORTH 7 CENTS

10 Julia pushed up the cover of the basket. She and Molly peeped in over the top for a good look. There were fat parcels and thin parcels. There were long parcels and short parcels. They were all done up in tissue paper.

11 "Let us grab to decide!" cried Molly.

"Let us grab to decide!"

3. THE GRAB BASKET DECIDES

[1] Julia said,

"You could have two grabs for ten cents. You could grab and I could grab. Then I could give you my grab."

[2] "The furniture is so sweet," said Molly, "and I am sure that I want it."

"The paper-dolls are sweet, too," said Julia.

"I shall have to grab to decide it," said Molly

[3] "We have decided to have two grabs," she said to the man in the store. "Here is the money."

Molly gave the man her ten cents, and the girls went to the basket.

[4] "You grab first," said Julia.

[5] Molly looked and looked, from the fat parcels to the thin ones. Then she looked and looked from the thin ones to the fat ones. She could not decide which to take.

"I think I will shut my eyes," she said.

[6]She put her hand in carefully, and pulled out a small thin parcel. She opened it quickly. It was a block of black paper, for a slate. It had a pencil with which to write on it.

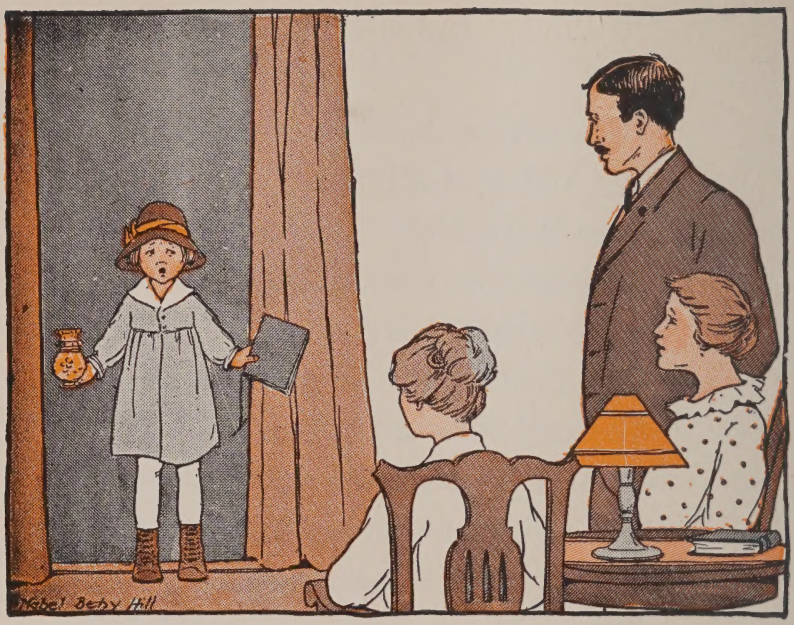
[7]"It is a horrid thing," said Julia. "We don't want a paper slate. You were silly to shut your eyes. I shall choose with my eyes open. I will take that queer thing that looks like a doll."

[8]What do you think she got! It was an ugly pink and orange vase.

"That grab bag is horrid," said Julia.

[9]Soon Molly was at home again. Her Aunt Mary and Uncle Turner were both there with her mother. They were sitting at the table.

[10]"Well, what did you buy, dear?" asked her mother, as Molly stood in the doorway.



11 Molly found it hard to keep back the tears. She held up the vase and the paper slate.

12 "The slate was a good choice," said Mother, "but why did you choose the vase?"

"I did n't choose either," Molly cried. "We grabbed, and we got them."

"In short, they chose you," said Uncle Turner.

13 Then Molly told the whole story. "I did want the paper-doll furniture so much," she said.

14 "Why did n't you buy it, then?" asked Aunt Mary.

"We thought it would be more fun to grab," cried Molly. "But it was n't."

"Never spend money," said Aunt Mary, "unless you know what you are getting for it!"

15 "There will be time to go to Fletcher's," said Uncle Turner. "I will go with you. We will play that the dime I have was Priscilla's. You may choose all over again."

16 Molly danced up and down with pleasure. She and Uncle Turner went to Fletcher's. This time she chose very quickly. She knew just what she wanted. She bought the two sets of furniture.

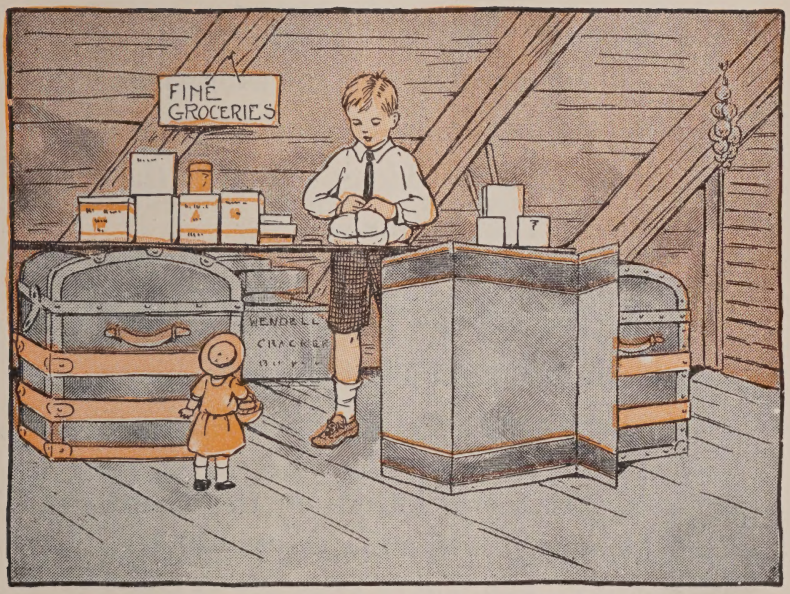
17 Many a good time did she have playing with it.

By Eliza Orne White

FUN IN A GARRET

Which of these things
would you rather do?

[1] We 're having a lovely time to-day!
We 're all of us up in the garret at play!
We have three houses under the eaves —
Not real, you know, but make-believes.
Two we live in, and one is a store,
Where a little old screen makes a truly
door.



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2 Warren keeps store, and Joe is his clerk.
And Betty and I stay at home and work.
Joe comes around and knocks or rings,
And we order potatoes and steaks and
things,
And sometimes we go to the store and buy,
Or send the children for ribbons or pie.

3 It 's lots of fun — just try it some day
When it rains too hard to go out to play.

By Emma C. Dowd

DOING THREE THINGS

Read as quickly as you can, when the number is called, and be ready to do the three things, one after the other. That means *in order*.

1. Draw a tree on the board. Put a moon beside it, and then put a house under it.

2. Print two letters on the board. Then write, "See the cat," and sign your name.

3. Shut your eyelids tight, wave your hands up and down, and buzz like a bee.

4. Make a picture on the board. Then tell your name, and skip back to your seat.

5. Make a noise like a train. Then place a chair by the desk, and say that it is a train.

6. Say that it is cold. Play that you put a blanket tight about you, and shake with the cold.

7. Put three numbers on the board. Under them write three words, and then sign your name.

8. Turn to page 71 in this reader. Find the third line from the top. Tell what the last word is.

9. Open this book to page 119. Look at the next to last line. Tell the third word in it.

10. Say that the room is a pond. Play that you are a frog. Jump in and swim to the shore.

11. Walk to the window, tap three times on the glass, and skip back to your seat.

12. Draw a face on the board. Write a boy's name under it. Then rub them out.

RAIN

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A little girl asked her mother,
"Where does the rain come from?"
Can you tell the little girl
where the rain comes from?
Can you tell her where it goes?
What do *you* do when it rains?

Dropping, dropping,
Dropping down,
From the sky,
Upon the town!

Falling, falling,
Falling far --
I wonder how much
Hurt you are,
Rain-drop, dropping down?

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Dropping, dropping, never stopping.
Till you reach my window pane,
You slide along the cold, wet glass,
Then drop, and drop again.
You touch the ground, and slip right in
So soon, I can't tell where you 've been.
Rain-drop, rain-drop! Does it hurt
When you melt into the dirt?

It is lonely, when it rains,
To hear it falling, falling.
All outside is misty gray.
Mother's voice is calling,
"Play inside, it rains to-day."
Yes, it 's lonely, when it rains,
Dropping, dropping down.

By Frances Gill

THE CROW AND THE PITCHER

One day a crow was very thirsty. She found a pitcher with a little water in it. But the water lay so low that she could not reach it.

She tried first to break the pitcher. Then she tried to turn it over, but it was too strong and too heavy.

At last she thought of a way. She dropped a great many pebbles into the pitcher. The pebbles raised the water so that she could reach it. So she had a good long drink.

[1] DO. *The crow flies around.*

[2] SAY. Caw! Caw! I am so thirsty. Where can I get a drink of water?

[3] DO. *The crow looks around for some water. She sees a pitcher.*

[4] SAY. Oh, there may be some water in this pitcher.

5 DO. *She puts her head into the pitcher. She tries to reach the water, but she can not.*

6 SAY. Caw! Caw! I can not reach it.

7 DO. *She tries to turn the pitcher over, but she can not turn it over. Then she puts her head on one side, thinking.*

8 SAY. What shall I do?

9 DO. *She sees some small pebbles.*

10 SAY. Caw! Caw! I have a thought. Just you watch me.

11 DO. *She picks up a pebble and drops it into the pitcher. She drops another. She puts in pebble after pebble until the water rises to the top. She drinks the water.*

12 SAY. Caw! Caw! I have had a good drink.

13 DO. *She flies away.*

14 SAY. Caw! Caw! Caw!

WHO, WHEN, WHAT GAME

Look on page 168 to find how to play the game.

1. Two crows built a nest in the fir-tree last year.

2. Ned and Mary found ten beautiful brown and white pebbles last week.

3. Yesterday our baby made mud pies in the dirt pile in the yard.

4. Many people went to town on the train to-day.

5. To-morrow Betty will buy a red ribbon at the store.

6. Molly and Julia saw a beautiful doll at the store one day last week.

7. The girls rolled hoops for an hour this morning.

8. Ned wrote a letter to his grandfather last night.

9. Last month Fred read two books.

10. To-day Tom is eight years old.

11. Our class had a party yesterday.

12. A bird flew into our house last evening.

13. Next year a hundred little boys will run races.

14. Seven little girls cut dresses for their dolls last week.

15. Thirty children will go to the park to-morrow morning.

16. Two boys and three girls found wild flowers two weeks ago

17. Edward, Ned, and Polly saw the first robin this morning.

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18. Yesterday morning Miss Black gave the class a new song to sing.

19. Every morning the men feed the lions behind the bars.

20. A fox caught a rooster in the barn last night.

21. A week ago our class took a walk to the country.

22. Last winter men had to shovel snow from the streets.

23. This summer Mary wants to go to her grandfather's farm.

24. To-morrow the boys will sail boats on the pond.

HIDDEN WORD GAME

1. Play that the words on the next page are puzzles. Inside of each word there are other words hidden. In the word *wheat* three words are hidden:

wheat

heat eat at

In the word *against* we find three words:

against

again gain in

2. Write your name on a piece of paper. When your teacher says "Go," begin finding one little word hidden in each of the words on page 195.

Each big word has a number. Write the little word beside the same number. Take the numbers in the order given. If you can not find the hidden word in any word, just put down the number and leave space beside it.

1. against
2. blown
3. brought
4. chair
5. chin
6. clear
7. drill
8. drink
9. grand
10. grape
11. plant
12. please
13. shape
14. shout
15. shown
16. slash
17. slate
18. small
19. spark
20. sparrow
21. spill
22. spin
23. splash
24. stairs
25. stand
26. start
27. still
28. stout
29. swam
30. switch
31. teach
32. than
33. that
34. thin
35. think
36. wheat

3. Often you can make many other different words out of a big word by mixing up the letters. Choose one of these long words. Write it on your paper. Below it write all the words you can make from it.

elephant
grandfather

HIAWATHA

Here is the story of a little Indian boy. When he was a tiny baby, was he like a white baby? Read to find out.

1. THE INDIAN BABY

[1] Hiawatha was a little Indian boy. His mother was an Indian squaw. His grandmother was an Indian squaw. His grandmother was old Nokomis.

[2] His grandmother Nokomis lived in an Indian wigwam. Hiawatha lived in the wigwam, too. He lived with his grandmother, old Nokomis.

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[3] Old Nokomis nursed the little Hiawatha. Nokomis was old and wrinkled. She nursed the little Indian baby. She nursed the baby Hiawatha.

[4] "Go to sleep," sang wrinkled old Nokomis. "Now go to sleep, my Hiawatha, my little Indian baby."

[5] Nokomis rocked the little Hiawatha. She rocked the little Indian baby In his cradle she rocked him.

[6]The cradle was a linden cradle. It was bedded in soft gray moss from the forest. It was bedded in soft rushes from the brook.

[7]Once upon a time little Hiawatha did not want to go to bed. He did not want to be nursed. He did not want to be rocked to sleep.

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He was wide awake. His eyes were bright. His eyes lighted up the wigwam.

[8]Old Nokomis said,

"Who is this that lights the wigwam? With his great eyes lights the wigwam?"

She called him Ewa-yea, the little owlet. Hiawatha, the little owlet.

[9]She told him stories of the forest. She told him stories of the pine trees and the fir trees. She told him stories of the owlet by the great tree. But Hiawatha would not go to sleep. He was fretful.

[10]Then old Nokomis sang to little Hiawatha,

"Hush, the naked bear will hear thee! The naked bear lives in the forest, in the dark and gloomy forest."

11 Thus she sang, did old Nokomis,
sang of bears and little owlets,
sang of great eyes in the wigwam,
sang of soft and mossy cradles
for the little Hiawatha, for the
little Indian baby.

12 So she stilled his fretful wail.
So she lulled him into slumber.

[13]There the wrinkled old Nokomis
Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his linden cradle,
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
"Hush! the naked bear will hear thee!"
Lulled him into slumbers, singing
"Ewa-yea! my little owlet!
Who is this that lights the wigwam?
With his great eyes lights the wigwam?
Ewa-yea! my little owlet!"

By Henry W. Longfellow

2. THE LITTLE INDIAN BOY

[1]Wrinkled old Nokomis taught little Hiawatha many things. Many things Nokomis taught him. They sat at the door of the wigwam on the long, warm, summer evenings. They heard the whispering of the pine trees. They heard the singing of the fir trees. They heard the lapping of the waters.

[2]"Little owlet!" sang old Nokomis.

"Minne-wawa!" sang the pine trees.

"Mudway-aushka!" sang the water.

[3]Nokomis told little Hiawatha all about the great bear and the owl and the other animals of the forest. Hiawatha was not afraid. He was not afraid of the dark and gloomy forest.

[4]Hiawatha knew all the animals of the forest. He knew the deer, and he knew the beaver. He knew where the deer loved to run, and the beaver loved

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to build his home. Hiawatha knew the woodpecker and the other birds.

5 The pine trees were his friends, too. The fir trees were his friends. The little cones were his playthings.

[6] One day little Hiawatha called,

"Grandmother Nokomis, may I play in the forest? May I play among the pine trees? May I play among the fir trees?"

"Yes, you may," said old Nokomis. "You may play among the fir trees."

[7] So little Hiawatha ran to the dark forest. He looked for cones under the pine trees. He looked for cones under the fir trees. The trees rose dark and gloomy, but Hiawatha was not afraid. He played with the fir trees and the pine trees. They were his friends.

[8] Then Hiawatha called again,

"O Grandmother Nokomis, may I play by Gitchee-Gumee?"

"Yes, you may," said old Nokomis. "You may play by Gitchee-Gumee."

[9] Hiawatha ran down to the water. Gitchee-Gumee was a great sea. He caught a little fish in the water. He carried it to old Nokomis.

10 At the door on summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha,
Heard the whisperings of the pine trees,
Heard the lapping of the waters,
Sounds of music, words of wonder.
"Minne-wawa!" said the pine trees.
"Mudway-aushka!" said the water.
Many things Nokomis taught him

By Henry W. Longfellow

3. THE BIG-SEA-WATER

[1] Gitchee-Gumee was the name of the Big-Sea-Water. It lay before the wigwam, shining in the sun. The water was clear and sunny. The clear and sunny water beat against the shore.

[2] Little Hiawatha liked to play in the water of Gitchee-Gumee, the Big-Sea-Water. He would throw sticks into the water. He would find stones along the shore. Bright and shining were the stones he found.

[3] Little Hiawatha liked to play that the sticks would sail on and on. At last they would reach the shore. They would beat against the shore.

"Little boats," Hiawatha called them.

[4] Little Hiawatha liked to play in the sand. He liked to dig and dig and dig. Yes, Hiawatha liked the Big-Sea-Water. He liked the shores of Gitchee-Gumee.

By the shores of Gitchee-Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,
Rose the firs with cones upon them,
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.

By Henry W. Longfellow

THE MONTHS AND THE DAYS

This is how we call the months:

[1] January	[7] July
[2] February	[8] August
[3] March	[9] September
[4] April	[10] October
[5] May	[11] November
[6] June	[12] December

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The twelve months are different. Tell which month each of these would be. Write the numbers in the order in which they would come through the year.

1. The month of falling leaves.
2. The month of winds.
3. The month of ripened corn.
4. The month of melting snow.
5. The month of first snows.
6. The month of painted leaves.
7. The month of drifting snow.
8. The month of roses.
9. The month of showers.
10. The month of opening buds.
11. The month of short days.
12. The hot month.

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JUNE						
Sun.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thurs.	Fri.	Sat.
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30				

September, April, June, and November have thirty days in each month.

All the rest of the months have thirty-one days, except February.

February has twenty-eight days unless it is Leap Year. In Leap Year February has twenty-nine days.

Leap Year comes every fourth year. Was last year Leap Year?

Is this year Leap Year?

MORNING STAR

Once upon a time there was a little Indian girl, named Morning Star. She had a doll made of corn husks. Its hair was the golden silk of the corn. Its face was painted with the juice of berries.

Morning Star loved her doll next to her mother and father.

One day her father took her down to the mouth of the river, where a few white people had settled. All through the winter she remembered the little log cabins of the white children.

When spring came, she wanted to make a little house for her dolly, so one bright morning she started off with her doll to the woods to talk with her forest friends about it.

First she met a woodpecker. She asked him how to make a house. He tapped with his bill at a hole in a tree. She shook her head and went on.

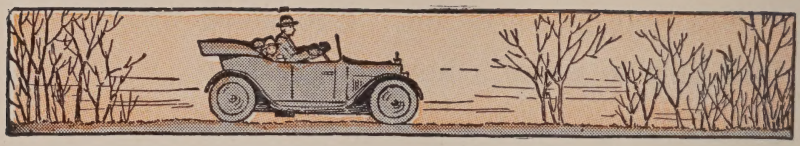
Next she met a rabbit. She asked him how to make a house. He wiggled his ears towards his grassy nest at the foot of a big tree, but Morning Star shook her head and went on. 158 166 172 181 188

At last she came to a tiny pond. She sat down on the bank with her dolly in her lap. All at once she heard a *flap, flap* in the water. She looked, and there was a big brown beaver swimming past her. 196 204 212 220 227 231

"Oh, Brown Beaver!" she cried, "can you tell me how to make a house for my dolly?" 236 245 248

The brown beaver flapped his tail three times as if to say, "Just watch me." Then he swam down the pond a little way, and what do you think — there was his house made of little branches which his sharp teeth had cut from the trees. 254 262 269 277 284 290 294

Morning Star clapped her hands in delight. She ran home and built a little house out of sticks for her dolly. 300 307 315



An Automobile Game

Here are eight trips to take in an automobile.

Tell the places you pass on each trip.

1	dreadful	path	cover
yesterday	often	straight	enough
whispered	I'm	lose	cupboard
honey	death	papers	merry
such	tongue	million	shoes
crumbs	whene'er	sons	field
front	done	enemies	blood
wash-cloth	reason	autumn	climbed
love	ought	homeward	iron
wanders	2	signs	chimney
meadow	Spirit	listen	reindeer
ready	women	obey	sleigh
palms	young	danger	4
desert	feathers	3	shoulder
almost	wolf	idea	wild
shovel	cough	fortune	taste

agreed
instead
sugar
jolly
cruel
ghost
ancient
folk
cheese
sewed
medicine

5

country
John
dumb
bruises
comfort
thirty
blossoms
acorn

6

whole
woman
earn
moving
stood
vanquish
busy
sigh
grief
act
accident
mischief
umbrella
baker
squeeze
rather
thief
loose
breath
cousin
onions
during
crystal
school

7

month
meant
exchange
remember
purse
view
twelve
bureau
pin-cushion
piano
sofa
worth
horrid
Aunt
truly
steaks
touch
heavy

8

cradle
forest
naked
music
January
February
March
April
May
June
July
August
September
October
November
December
Monday
Tuesday
Wednesday
Thursday
Friday
Saturday
Sunday

A GUIDE FOR THE TEACHER

Besides the silent and oral reading exercises planned for stories and poems, the following drills and tests are given in this book. (SR, silent reading; OR, oral reading.)

Pages	*Title*	*Type of test or drill*	*Abilities or qualities tested*
14	**Doing Three Things**	Silent reading — following directions.	Accuracy, sequence, quickness, memory.
19	**Fox and Stork**	Silent reading to find out.	Ability to get the heart of a fable.
20	**At Mr. Fox's House**	Say and Do. OR and SR.	Dialogue (OR). Directions or pantomime (SR).
21	**At Mrs. Stork's House**	Say and Do. OR and SR.	Dialogue (OR). Directions (SR).
24	**The Reason Why**	Verbal fitting together.	Reasoning (meaning of *because;* cause and effect).
25	***Farmer and Stork***	Silent reading test.	Speed and comprehension.
44	**Bundle of Sticks**	Silent reading to find out.	Ability to get the heart of a fable.
45	**Bundle of Sticks**	Say and Do. OR and SR.	Monologue (OR). Directions (SR).
48	**Signs and Signals**	Questions and Answers. SR.	Thinking; answering of questions.
50	***Wiggle Tad***	Silent reading test.	Speed and content; endurance in answering; memory; thinking.
74	**Fox and Well**	Silent reading to find out.	Ability to get the heart of a fable.
75	**Fox and Well**	Say and Do. OR and SR.	Dialogue (OR). Directions (SR).
76	**Tell the Right Word**	Vocabulary — Word selection.	Applying word knowledge to context.
81	***Puzzle Game***	Sorting test — Word selection.	Accuracy; following directions.
92	**Boys and Frogs**	Silent reading to find out.	Ability to get the heart of a fable.
92	**Boys and Frogs**	Say and Do. OR. and SR.	Monologue (OR). Directions (SR).
106	**Fox and Crow**	Silent reading to find out.	Ability to get the heart of a fable.
107	**Fox and Crow**	Say and Do. OR. and SR.	Dialogue (OR). Directions (SR).
108	**Find What is Wrong**	Re-arrangement.	Accurate thinking; logical sequence.
110	***Boy and Wolf***	Silent reading test.	Speed and comprehension.
128	**Fox and Crab**	Silent reading to find out.	Ability to get the heart of a fable.
129	**Fox and Crab**	Say and Do. OR. and SR.	Monologue (OR). Directions (SR).
132	**Do What you Read**	Silent reading — following directions.	Pantomime, accuracy, sequence, memory.
134	***Things to Make***	Completion; phonetics.	Ingenuity; word mastery (phonetics).
146	**Ant and Grasshopper**	Silent reading to find out.	Ability to get the heart of a fable.
147	**Ant and Grasshopper**	Say and Do. OR and SR.	Dialogue (OR). Directions (SR).
168	**Who, When, What**	Organization.	Ability to recognize thought elements in an adult paragraph.
170	***Peter Rabbit***	Silent reading test.	Speed and comprehension.
186	**Doing Three Things**	Silent reading — following directions.	Ability to dig out directions in an adult paragraph.
190	**Crow and Pitcher**	Silent reading to find out.	Ability to get the heart of a fable.
190	**Crow and Pitcher**	Say and Do. OR. and SR.	Monologue (OR). Directions (SR).
192	**Who, When, What**	Organization.	Ability to recognize thought elements.
194	***Hidden Word Game***	Phonetics; vocabulary.	Phonetic mastery (independent attack.)
208	**Months and Days**	Reference.	Knowledge of numbers; accuracy and speed.
210	***Morning Star***	Silent reading test.	Speed and comprehension.
212	**Automobile Game**	Vocabulary.	Memory of sight words.
	Lining Word Games	Vocabulary drill.	Quickness; comparison; visualizing.

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NUMBER AND WORD GAME

When a number is called,
find the word for it.
Then find the word that means
the other thing; as, ***wet, dry.***

1 sweet	2 wet	3 east	4 right	5 front
6 longer	7 full	8 lazy	9 slow	10 sad
11 heavy	12 high	13 dry	14 sorry	15 low
16 happy	17 swift	18 thin	19 back	20 sour
21 shorter	22 west	23 wild	24 busy	25 wrong
26 empty	27 tame	28 glad	29 fat	30 light

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PICTURE AND STORY GAME

Draw pictures for words from 1 to 20.

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1.		y
2.		
3		
4		
5		
6		hty
7		y
8		
9		
10. fire	20. stocking	30. lame

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